

# The Daily Mirror

No. 442.

Registered at the G. P. O.  
as a Newspaper.

MONDAY, APRIL 3, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

## MR. BALFOUR IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS v. FISHERMEN GOLF MATCH.



At Sandwich on Saturday the Prime Minister and Mr. C. E. Hambro played James and George Buchan. Here Mr. Balfour is seen walking from the first tee and talking to his fisherman opponent.



Mr. Balfour tosses a ball to his caddy before beginning on the second round, in which he and his partner beat the Buchans by 6 and 5.



The Prime Minister and James Buchan, with their caddies, approaching the third green. The fishermen brothers halved this hole through Mr. Balfour making a bad shot in his attempt to get on the green.



Mr. Balfour and Mr. C. E. Hambro coming in after the first round. Although beaten by the fishermen they seem much pleased with the game.



James Buchan driving during the game which he and his brother won.



Mr. Balfour coming in to lunch after he and his partner had been beaten in the first round by the brothers Buchan. During the match James Buchan said: "These photographers make me nervous." "Never mind," replied the Prime Minister, "we have to put up with them whether we like it or not."—(Photographs' copyright of the *Daily Mirror*.)







## BOMB TERROR IN RUSSIA.

Police Official Again the Mark  
of Vengeful Anarchists.

### RIOTOUS SCENES.

Discovery of an Immense Manu-  
factory of Infernal Machines.

Russia is again terrorised by the Anarchist bomb-thrower. Another outrage has taken place in Poland, the victim being again a high police official.

A Reuter message confirms the announcement made some days ago by the special correspondent of the *Daily Mirror* in St. Petersburg to the effect that an important arrest of bomb terrorists has been made.

It is reported in St. Petersburg, says the correspondent of the "ECHO DE PARIS," that M. Buligine, the Minister of the Interior, is to be replaced by General Trepoft, Governor-General of St. Petersburg.

The appointment will doubtless inaugurate an era of suppression throughout Sunday as stern and merciless as the reign of terror that followed Red Sunday in St. Petersburg.

### RED REVENGE.

Attempt to Assassinate Police Commissioner  
at Lodz.

WARSAW, Saturday.—A telephone message from Lodz states that the Commissioner of Police for the Second District, M. Szablowicz, was seriously injured by a bomb which was thrown at him in the street at 1.30 this afternoon.—Reuter.

Lodz, Saturday.—The Commissary is dangerously injured. His assailant was wounded by a policeman, and has been removed to hospital.

The explosion was so violent that all the windows of the neighbouring houses were broken.—Reuter.

### TROOPS FIRED ON.

Cholera Lecture Followed by the Singing of  
the "Marseillaise."

SARATOFF, Saturday.—According to an official announcement a scene of great disorder has occurred at the City Theatre on the occasion of a lecture on cholera given there to an audience of 2,600 people.

Revolutionary proclamations were thrown from the galleries into the body of the theatre, and incendiary speeches were made.

The crowd then left the theatre and marched through the streets singing the "Marseillaise."

The troops sent against them drew up in front of them and barred the way, whereupon five revolver shots were fired from the midst of the demonstrators, but without effect. Thirty-nine rioters were arrested, and numerous revolutionary pamphlets and proclamations were found.—Reuter.

### BOMB FACTORY.

Revolutionary Band Detected by St. Petersburg  
Police.

ST. PETERSBURG, Saturday.—The police have arrested a band of revolutionary conspirators, seizing at the same time a number of incriminating documents.

The arrests were made so suddenly that only in one instance was any opposition offered, one of the band firing his revolver, but without any effect.

At the residence of one of the prisoners an explosives laboratory was discovered, with a complete apparatus for the manufacture of bombs, besides a number of papers relating to the activity of the Anarchist movement in Russia.

An examination of those papers shows that the conspirators were sent from Switzerland, whence the movement is directed.—Reuter.

### NO PEACE YET.

It is apparently the intention of General Linievitch to make a determined stand before allowing the Japanese to occupy Harbin.

An official message, issued by the Japanese Legation, states that the Russians are concentrating at Kirin, this position having evidently been chosen from fear of the turning movement the Japanese are trying to carry out in the west.

The prospects of peace are regarded as very slight in St. Petersburg, where everything points to the war being prosecuted with fresh vigour.

## BOGUS COUNT.

Charges Involving £800,000 Against  
Foreigner Arrested in London.

### ASTOUNDING CAREER.

A Frenchman credited with a marvellous career of fraud was arrested in London on Saturday and charged at Bow-street with fraudulent bankruptcy in France involving the sum of £800,000.

His name is Mary Hippolyte Raynaud, and he has been missing from Paris since June, 1904. He was formally remanded for a week.

His career reads like a romance. He went to Paris from Auvergne in the wooden shoes of a simple peasant, yet within a few years he had founded the Banque d'Etat, and set up in style in the Champs Elysees.

But the bank "crashed" in 1870, and Raynaud was imprisoned for fraud.

In 1890 we find him elected deputy. It was a tempestuous election, and Raynaud was several times attacked by angry mobs.

He was never allowed to take his seat, a committee deciding that he was ineligible.

Then he disappeared, owing £40,000, and in his absence was condemned to ten years' imprisonment.

Unbeaten still, he assumed the title of "Count," and four years ago started another bank, the Credit International.

At the beginning of last year this bank stopped payment, and Mary Raynaud wrote to the papers explaining that the bad news from Japan had obliged him to fly for the third time.

The facetious humour of this letter, of which the following is an extract, reveals the lively character of the man brought up at Bow-street on Saturday.

I shall follow the precept of the Roman poet. I shall go to the Transvaal, to the land of gold. I shall make my fortune. I shall return. My acts will then prove that I did not merit my misfortune. Never has man been animated more than I with noble and generous ideas.

To-day I weep over myself. I weep also over the people whom my disaster will cruelly wound.

### GIFT PLEASED FRANCE.

Novel Distinction for English Widow Who  
Gave £10,000 To Spread French.

The greatest satisfaction has been caused in France by the recent gift of Mrs. Barrow, widow of a Liverpool shipowner.

The lady gave £10,000 to found a Chair of French in the Liverpool University in the earnest hope that it would tend to maintain and strengthen the happy relations which now exist between France and England.

Mrs. Barrow has received a letter from M. Delcasse, the French Foreign Minister, expressing the appreciation with which her generous gift and the terms in which it has been made have been welcomed by the French Government and himself.

The Executive of the Alliance Francaise has conferred upon her the rare distinction of awarding her a medal in recognition of her efforts to spread a knowledge of the French language.

### PRINCESS'S MAD LOVER.

Berlin Banker Offers the ex-Princess of Saxony  
a House in the Tyrol.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday.—In Berlin it is believed that the affairs of the Countess Montignoso (Princess Louise of Saxony) are about to be settled.

Meanwhile, the Countess has been the innocent cause of an unfortunate affair, according to the Berlin correspondent of the "Petit Journal." An eccentric Berlin banker, who recently had a fortune of £200,000 left to him by an uncle, purchased a villa at Meran, in the Southern Tyrol, and immediately telegraphed to the Countess offering her the house and grounds.

The Princess replied declining the offer, but saying she hoped the generous young man would soon see her in Florence.

Warned of their son's conduct, the parents of the banker hastened to Meran, and found him about to leave for Florence.

After a painful scene at the railway station he was taken to an insane asylum, still protesting his desire to go to Florence.

### £35,000 JEWEL THEFT.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday.—While M. Solomon Samy-Hahib, a Constantinople diamond merchant, was driving across the city with a trunk of diamonds valued at £35,000, the carriage was stopped by the traffic.

When the vehicle moved forward again M. Samy-Hahib found that his valuables had disappeared.

## RIVER BAPTISM.

Dastardly Outrage Suddenly Interrupts  
a Picturesque Welsh Scene.

Remarkable and picturesque scenes were witnessed at the baptism by total immersion of revival converts in the River Dee, near Pontcysyllte Bridge, at Trevor, Ruabon, yesterday.

At one time the ceremony was threatened with disaster. While thousands were watching the strange service from the banks, some unscrupulous persons, who unhappily were not recognised, dislodged a huge boulder, which crashed down the embankment amongst the crowds.

It is certainly marvellous that no one was injured. Two gigantic processions, lustily singing hymns, marched to the scene, which is one of the most beautiful on the beautiful Dee.

After a preliminary service under a massive oak, the Rev. Evan Williams, of Llanfachreth, entered the river, clad in waterproof overalls.

His assistant, meanwhile, conducted the first lady into the surging torrent, and Mr. Williams reverently pressed the candidate beneath the icy waters. The congregation immediately burst forth into the revival refrain, "Dioch iddo."

Six other ladies, daintily attired in white garments, bravely underwent the trying ordeal, after which ten men were immersed. During the proceedings a child fainted.

### GHOST IN A BAR.

Landlord Buried at Aberdeen Revels in Spirit  
in Lancashire.

At the Engineers' Arms, at Nelson, in Lancashire, the ghost of Robert Adams, a former landlord, who was buried at Aberdeen, is said to have been behaving most disgracefully of late.

"He" is heard in the dead of night drinking behind the bar—one man declares that he looked through a window and saw "him"—but when the present landlord and his friends and guests decided to eject the intruder its intangible form flits upstairs to the bedrooms and disports itself there with much noise and riot.

The latest report from Nelson is that a former friend, secreted in the bar, saw Robert Adams's burly figure at the beer-engine, but naturally failed to seize it.

Nelson feels that something must be done. Such a ghost as this is nothing less than scandalous.

### SIR E. CARSON'S SHILLELAGH.

He Tells Brighton Electors How He "Hit  
the First Head That Came Handy."

Next Wednesday will have been fixed for the polling to fill the Parliamentary vacancy at Brighton. On Saturday Mr. Gerald Loder (Conservative) and Mr. E. A. Villiers (Liberal) were duly nominated.

A number of meetings were held on both sides on Saturday evening. Sir Edward Clarke and Sir Edward Carson were the principal speakers for Mr. Loder.

Sir Edward Carson, at a rowdy meeting at the Dome, told a story of a free fight at an Irish fair in which he took part. He suddenly found "hisself in the midst of the tumult, and asked a bystander, 'Is it faction or general?' 'General,' was the reply. 'Glory be to God,' he cried, as he seized a shillelagh and hit the first head that came handy.

Though Mr. Loder had a majority of 3,166 in 1900, there is no room for Unionist apathy.

### WEEK-END MOTOR SMASH.

Several People Seriously Injured by a Disas-  
trous Collision.

A serious collision between a motor-car and a carrier's cart occurred near Wolverhampton on Saturday night.

Members of the Wolverhampton Automobile Club were returning from the opening run of the season, and when near Wrotesley Park one of the cars ran into a carrier's cart.

Two women and a boy in the cart were thrown into the roadway and sustained serious injuries, while the horse was instantly killed.

The occupants of the cart were Harold Walker, his mother, and his grandmother, and the condition of the last-named, who was cut about the upper part of the body, and suffered severely from shock, is critical.

The boy is suffering from concussion of the brain. The motor-car was completely wrecked.

### BRIDE'S WIRELESS MESSAGE.

NEW YORK, Saturday.—Mr. Marconi, expects to have the new wireless station at Glace Bay completed in about six weeks, when his wife will send the first Transatlantic message. They will then return to England. Mr. Marconi hopes to so improve the wireless apparatus which is used on the liners that a hundred words a minute will be possible.—Central News.

## OCEAN CROSSED BY TURBINE LINER.

Slow Speed, but No Vibration to  
Trouble Passengers.

### SALT WATER TO DRINK.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

HALIFAX (N.S.), Saturday.—The Allan Line's new turbine steamer Victorian arrived here at 10.45 this morning with her 1,464 passengers and mails.

The trip occupied 7 days, 22hrs. 50mins. Captain McNichol ascribes the slow passage to the gales and heavy seas, and to a fog which detained the vessel for four hours. Her average speed was only 13.23 knots. The longest day's run was 383 knots, the lowest 233—average 317.

"The turbines worked well. There was no vibration and no 'racing.' In head seas they are not so good for evolutions as the old engines with twin screws.

In the opinion of the engineers turbines, when improvements have been made, will be a success. The first thing to be done, they say, is to overhaul the boilers. But they prefer reciprocating engines. There is no economy in fuel with turbines, as they require the same amount of steam whether for full speed or slow. The average coal consumption on this voyage has been 180 tons a day.

### GOOD SEA-BOAT.

For the first four days after leaving Moville the Victorian encountered south-westerly gales and heavy seas. She is a good sea-boat, but plunged heavily in head seas, and it was very wet on deck forward.

At midnight last Saturday the anchor started the bolts of a plate on the port bow, and the steward's quarters were flooded. The vessel had to stop for two hours, and then went ahead slowly.

On Wednesday, which was fine, with a smooth sea, she made 383 knots, and would have made over four hundred but for having to stop for a time to adjust the thrust of the turbines.

All the way from Moville to Halifax passengers were much distressed by the presence of salt water in the fresh-water drinking tanks. Little emigrant children were given milk and lemonade to drink free of charge.

There was tremendous excitement in the second cabin when a cowboy, depressed by a fog, drew a revolver upon a fellow-passenger. He was disarmed without having done any damage and fined.

One evening the saloon passengers had to dine by candle-light, the electric light having failed.

To avoid ice Captain McNichol went south as far as the latitude of New York, which lengthened the voyage by more than three hundred knots.

The Victorian has proved herself a most luxurious boat for Atlantic travel, quiet and easy; but she is slow against a head sea, and it is not advisable to drive her.

### PLEASED WITH "GIB."

Kaiser Enjoys His Visit to and Reception at  
the Famous Rock.

The German Emperor was greatly pleased with his visit to Gibraltar, and his reception at the hands of Sir George White and the authorities.

A banquet was given in his honour, followed by a brilliant reception.

The Kaiser (says Reuter) expressed great pleasure at the playing of the Artillery band, shaking hands with Bandmaster E. J. Else.

On Saturday morning the Emperor visited the new Military Hospital, afterwards driving through the town to the North Front and the Eastern Beach.

In the evening his Majesty sailed for Port Mahon, en route for Naples, where he will board the Hohenzollern.

### MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan will probably meet the Kaiser at Palermo.

The Turkish Ambassador in London officially denies the rumour of the Sultan's illness.

Twenty-five German students are making a tour of the museums and libraries in France.

The Hamburg-America line has decided to construct six river steamers for use on the River Nile.

The royal train in which King Edward will travel from Calais to Paris yesterday made a successful trial run over the route.

The schooner Confidence, of Llanelly, has been wrecked outside St. David's Harbour, Pembroke-shire. No lives were lost.

A brake was returning with footballers from Britonferry to Neath on Saturday night when it overturned. Four of the occupants were seriously injured.



## THE WORLD'S HIGHEST BRIDGE.

Completion of the Stupendous Work  
of Spanning the Zambesi.

### BUILDING IN MID AIR.

At half-past seven on Saturday morning, according to a telegram received by the British South Africa Company, one of the greatest engineering feats of modern times was accomplished.

The telegram read:—"Victoria Falls Bridge met exactly even to-day."

This bridge—the highest in the world—towers 420ft. above the water in the vast gorge into which the Zambesi River plunges, and is another link in the railway chain between the Cape and Cairo.

Two years ago the contract for the work was awarded to the Cleveland Bridge and Engineering Company, of Darlington, in the face of keen American and German competition.

#### Built by Aerial Cable.

The engineers, Sir Douglas Fox and Partners, have had innumerable difficulties to contend against.

There was no possibility of any supports from beneath, and accordingly the structure had to be thrown across the gorge by a span of 600ft.

No staging of any description was possible, and the entire work was carried out by means of an aerial electric cable way, 870ft. long, stretched from steel supports on either side of the river.

A trolley was suspended from this, and with its operator, could carry 800 tons of materials across the falls in the course of a day.

The building of this wonderful bridge was a terribly tedious, and at the same time extremely dangerous, work.

It is 220 yards from the "boiling pot" of the tremendous falls, which are three times bigger and higher than Niagara.

During eight months in the year the men worked with the spray showering over them. If a man fell into the seething, rushing water below he was doomed, and accordingly beneath the bridge-builders a travelling cradle and net were erected for safety's sake.

#### True to Hair's Breadth.

The task was begun on both sides of the river on the cantilever method. The most perfect calculations and measurements were required, for, had the two sections failed to meet exactly, even by as much as a hair's breadth, the bridge would have been unsafe and useless.

But in the presence of Sir Charles Metcalfe, the consulting engineer, the final linking of the great span was completed on Saturday.

Two thousand tons of steel were used, and the cost of construction was enormous.

This Victoria Falls Bridge, which was severely condemned by many authorities, was one of the cherished ideals of Mr. Rhodes in connection with the Cape-to-Cairo railway.

In a letter concerning it he wrote, "We propose now to go on and cross the Zambesi just below the Victoria Falls. I should like to have the spray of the water over the carriages."

The railway to the Falls was completed last June, making a total distance of 1,635 miles from Cape Town.

### KING'S RETURN TO LONDON.

About To Leave for Marseilles To Join the  
Queen for a Cruise.

Saturday the King left Knowsley for London, arriving at Euston about five o'clock, and in the evening visited "A Case of Arson" and "Everybody's Secret" at the Haymarket Theatre.

Queen Alexandra, who left Gibraltar on Friday for Naples in the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, called at Palma in the Balearic Islands on Saturday and at Genoa yesterday.

The King is expected to join Her Majesty towards the end of this week at Marseilles, when they will cruise for a time in the Mediterranean.

It is believed in France that King Edward will break his journey in Paris, and that diplomatic business has as much part in his foreign trip as in that of the Kaiser.

### THE KING AND LORD KELVIN.

Lord Kelvin is now making the most satisfactory progress.

On his arrival from Knowsley on Saturday the King sent an enquiry to inquire as to the condition of the distinguished scientist.

Through an advertisement in a newspaper, Richard Cave, employed in the printing office of the "South-Eastern Herald," Greenwich, was discovered and given £1,000 left him by a deceased relative.

## QUEEN OF CHARITY.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts's Active Benevolence at Ninety-one.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts, as president of the Oxygen Hospital, is making a special appeal for support for the Stafford House concert, to be given on Tuesday of next week, in aid of that institution.

Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll) has promised to attend.

The appeal calls to mind the fact that Baroness Burdett-Coutts, although she enters her ninety-second year next month, still takes a keen and active interest in her many philanthropic movements.

History can scarcely find a parallel for so long and strenuous a life spent in the cause of charity. For the past seventy years she has devoted most of her time to the distribution of her immense fortune for the benefit of the poor.

In one of her earliest works of benevolence—that of relieving the poor in the East End—she had the valuable guidance of Charles Dickens. It was she who organised the Turkish Compassionate Fund, during the war with Russia in 1877, and schools and churches innumerable have benefited liberally by her benefactions.

Other societies with which the Baroness is associated are the N.S.P.C.C., R.S.P.C.A., and Destitute Children's Fund, and the Skibbereen fishermen remember how she helped them in time of famine.

One of the latest schemes that has been greatly assisted by her is the proposed new soldiers' and sailors' home at Waterloo.

### RUSSIA'S NEW COMMANDER.



General Satyanoff, who has been appointed commander of the Third Manchurian Army.

### MELBA'S TRIUMPH.

Travelled Over 26,000 Miles and Charmed  
Americans in Forty-five Cities.

Mme. Melba, looking radiant after her triumphant American concert tour of 26,000 miles, embracing no fewer than forty-five cities, landed at Liverpool on Saturday.

The great vocalist is to sing shortly at Covent Garden, and will probably create several new parts. Mme. Melba is in favour of the suggested establishment of a national library for gramophone records.

"Only think," she remarked to an interviewer, "how extremely interesting it would be for me to be able to go to the British Museum and hear Jenny Lind sing 'I'll Be Pastore,' by Mozart, accompanied by Joachim."

"This is a number which I frequently have the pleasure of singing, also to the accompaniment of Joachim."

"The great violinist has presented me with Jenny Lind's Cadenza, which I always use."

### BISHOP AND VICAR.

The Bishop of St. Albans has decided on a line of legal action against the Rev. R. C. Fillingham, of Histon, for obtaining to the office of presbyter Mr. White, at a religious ceremony in a dissenting mission-room at Southend.

Mr. Fillingham did this in defiance of formal warning from the Bishop.

### MR. CARNEGIE'S BAND.

In pursuance of their instructions to make Dunfermline an ideal town, the Carnegie trustees have decided to start a new band. New instruments are to be bought for £400.

A cycle track is also to be laid out, swimming competitions are to be promoted, and a college of hygiene and physical culture is to be founded.

## M.P.s AND FISHERS.

Hardy Scotsmen Defeated at Golf  
by the Premier's Team.

### QUAINT INCIDENTS.

The ten fishermen who travelled from Inverloch to Sandwich to play the Prime Minister and nine other legislators at golf on Saturday will return to their fishing village on the right ear of Scotland, "proud men this day."

Each man has had added to his "bag o' sticks" a brown new club, presented by his opponent in the memorable match.

On the driver which he gave to "Joe" Buchan the Prime Minister wrote in ink—

To George Buchan, from Arthur James Balfour, April 1, 1905.

"That," said Joe, as his mates call him, thanking Mr. Balfour, "is the best April joke ever practised on me. I'll keep it till my dyin' day, and I'll no' be for playin' w' it, for fear it should come by sea. It's naist kind o' ye, sir, maist kind. I'm thinkin' I dinna deserve it, for ye've gien us a bad beating."

The House of Commons won three "foursomes" to two in the forenoon, and in the afternoon they won all the five matches, thus making them victorious by 8 to 2.

#### Pen Picture of Premier.

About three hundred men, women, and children followed Mr. Balfour in the afternoon leaving the other "foursomes" unobserved.

In all respects the players were more interesting than their play.

The quiet demeanour of the men in blue, with their broad shoulders and rounded backs, contrasted with the giant figure of hearty Mr. Hambro and the tall, slender form of the Prime Minister; his salt-white hair gathered under an old brown silk cap that might have been fashionable twenty years ago; his golfing jacket giving at the seams from much swinging and bending; and his ashen features drawn with the vexations of office.

To know how the game was going it was only necessary to watch Mr. Balfour. When the fishermen got in front he became silent and anxious, occasionally standing with crossed legs in a puzzled reverie that would have gratified Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had the source of concern been the fate of the Government instead of the fate of a golf match.

When leading during the afternoon the Prime Minister was a changed man.

Once, as he stood wagging his iron club after pitching the ball into a bunker, he said to his partner: "Do you know, Eric, I once went on wagging my club like this for a fortnight after a fizzle. Mr. Hambro roared with laughter, and Mr. Balfour's eyes flashed fire."

The fishermen wondered whether they, too, might laugh, but blushed instead.

#### Fishermen Nervous.

As the spectators pressed upon the players and the fishermen lost five holes in succession, Mr. Balfour said to "Joe": "These people are putting you off your game. I do not mind them in the least. I am accustomed to spectators. Not half of them are golfers. I will have them kept back." And he did.

"Will" Whyte, the skipper of the golf team, speaking of the lunch-hour, delivered himself thus: "Fancy us and the heads of the British Government sittin' eatin' theegither. It would have made a grand subject for an oil paintin'. These gentlemen were a' Kings and Prince of Waleses and didn't know it."

The fishermen would have liked to challenge the House of Commons to a return match at Inverloch, but feared that that was "oot o' the question for likes o' us."

The official results in the morning were:—Messrs. O. Scott and A. B. Tennison beat Skel, Ritchie, and George Stephen; Messrs. H. W. Foster and A. W. Soames beat Sang, Ritchie, and Robert Stephen; Messrs. A. J. Balfour and C. E. Hambro lost to James Buchan and George Stephen; Messrs. Marshall Hall and Guy Pym lost to J. C. Buchan and Robert Masson; and Sir Henry Scott and Mr. J. L. Wanklyn beat William and James Whyte. The legislators thus leading on the round by three matches to two.

In the afternoon the Premier and Mr. Hambro easily defeated the Buchan, Foster and Soames best Ritchie and Stephen; Kerr and Wanklyn beat the Whittes; and in a couple of days, Marshall Hall beat Masson and Pym beat Buchan. The Parliamentary team thus securing the match by 8 points to 2.

### BRITISH JU-JITSU.

Mr. Percy Rolt, of Brighton, succeeded on Saturday night in winning the £20 which Taro Myaki, the Japanese ju-jitsu champion appearing at the Lyceum Theatre, offered to anyone who can withstand defeat at his hands for ten minutes.

Mr. Rolt, who is a son of Captain Rolt, chief of the Brighton Fire Brigade, has been studying ju-jitsu for twelve months, and will make another effort one night this week to defeat Myaki, which would mean the winning of £1,000, offered by the champion to anyone who can beat him.

Fifty trained charwomen have banded themselves into a society, called the Association of Trained Charwomen, with headquarters in Buckingham-street, Strand.

## NOBLE LADY'S GRIEF.

Queen's Bridesmaid Who Kept Her  
Husband's Ashes by Her Side.

Lady Diana Huddleston, who was one of Queen Alexandra's eight bridesmaids, died on Saturday at the age of sixty-four, after some months of ill-health which the most skillful specialists were unable to alleviate.

Daughter of the ninth Duke of St. Albans, and aunt of the present Duke, Lady Diana was born Lady Diana Beaulieu in 1841, and married Baron Huddleston in 1872.

She never recovered from the loss of her husband in 1890, and everywhere she went the ashes of the Baron, who was cremated at Woking, accompanied her. The small bronze urn containing them always rested on a table beside her bed.

It was his wish that he should be buried with her, and that was why she would not allow his remains to be placed in the family vault while she lived.

Lady Victoria Scott is the only other bridesmaid of Queen Alexandra who has died. The remaining six are all married—except Lady Victoria Howard, aunt of the present Earl of Suffolk.

### SURVIVOR OF LADYSMITH.

Death of Mr. H. H. S. Pearce, Who Described  
War in Many Lands.

When Ladysmith was relieved there was a gaunt war correspondent among the starved-looking throng which welcomed the relieving force on the outskirts of the town.

Suddenly he gave a cry. In the ranks of the marching men he had recognised his two sons. While he had been shut up in the beleaguered town they had left England for South Africa as Volunteers. That was the first he knew about it.

This war correspondent was Mr. Henry H. S. Pearce, who died on Saturday. He had acted as war correspondent to the "Daily News" and also to the "Graphic," serving first with the Gordon Relief Expedition in 1884.

He was again in the Sudan, with Lord Kitchener, in 1890. Once he was mistaken for Lord Kitchener. A special train was waiting to take the General from Dover to London when Mr. Pearce, with several other correspondents, walked into the station.

It was not until Mr. Pearce had politely declined to enter the saloon reserved for the hero of the day that the mistake was realised.

### TOMMY ATKINS UPLIFTED.

His Social Rise Brought About by New  
Conditions of Service.

An improvement in the character and social standing of Tommy Atkins is noted with satisfaction in the annual report of the British Army just published. It is attributed to the new regulation, which requires a "character" for every recruit.

The numbers of recruits last year do not appear to have been increased by the more attractive rates of pay, but there is a total divergence of opinion on this matter in different recruiting centres. Of the men leaving the colours and entered on employment registers, sixty-eight per cent. obtained situations, in spite of the decline of trade.

The strength of the regular forces is 289,928. And the Volunteers are less by 89,336 than the 345,817 provided for by the Estimates.

### BOOK WITH A HISTORY.

Author and Publisher Lost Their Right Hands  
on Account of It.

The sixth day of the sale of the John Scott Library at Sotheby's brought the total up to about £13,450.

A series of original letters and papers relating to Mary Queen of Scots realised £255. One book sold, John Stubbs's "The Discoverie of the Gaping Gulf," is interesting because author and publisher had their right hands cut off on account of it, Stubbs shouting "God save Queen Elizabeth" during the operation. This book fetched £101.

When Mr. Abraham Mitchell's collection of modern pictures was sold at Christie's on Saturday afternoon, 121 pictures, with twenty-seven important canvases from the collection of Mr. Joseph Mitchell, brought in a total of about £8,500.

### THE TIELESS PREMIER.

The other night Mr. Balfour appeared at a dinner-party minus his tie.

At first the guests maintained a discreet silence, but wondered what it all meant.

A friend later on, however, drew the Premier's attention to the omission. The right honourable gentleman merely replied, in a laconic way, "It doesn't matter. It is quite unnecessary."



## 100,000 APRIL FOOLS.

How Oxford Deceived the Knowing Ones on Boatrace Day.

## EASY VICTORY.

One hundred thousand people made April fools of! That was what the Cambridge crew accomplished just before 12 o'clock on Saturday last, April 1.

Quite 200,000 people went to see the Boatrace this year, and half of them "were for Cambridge."

This half firmly believed that Cambridge would either win or share the honours of a grandly contested race.

To show how firmly they believed it they wore, among them, 50,000 Light Blue tokens in the forms of rosettes, button-hole birds, or, if the wearers liked striking methods of adornment, handbans.

Out of 100,000 reasons for backing Cambridge three stood out pre-eminent.

1. Cambridge were the heavier crew, with equal "form."

2. Cambridge had four men who had rowed a winning Putney to Mortlake race before.

3. Cambridge had been "tipped" as winners, in a half-hearted way, by a rowing critic who had "tipped" Oxford for the last twenty years.

## All Calculations Upset.

Let us see how Cambridge celebrated the First of April by upsetting all these calculations. The crew came out on to the river and into the sun looking fit to fight for a kingdom—certainly to row for a university.

There was a confident smile on the face of Thomas, No. 4, who was supposed to be half-trained, because he had been hunting big game while the other men were practising.

When the starting-signal was given Cambridge showed their belief in themselves by rowing one stroke less in the first minute than Oxford did.

In that minute Oxford gained half a length. Afterwards Cambridge pulled a faster stroke than Oxford, but this did not deter the latter from steadily gaining.

There was a little bit of a race for the first half-mile, and after that three lengths, never much more, and never much less, represented the difference in the positions of the boats until the winning post was passed.

Cambridge kept on dipping their blades quicker and quicker, pulling harder and harder, rowing shorter and shorter, and going slower and slower. The smile died away from the face of Thomas. He looked as annoyed as if he were up a tropical tree without his gun, with a lion sitting waiting at the bottom.

## Plucky Though Defeated.

The pluck shown by himself and his seven colleagues was beyond praise. Occasionally they spluttered and reduced Oxford's lead by a few yards—which were directly afterwards put on again.

When Cambridge reached the winning-post, losers by three lengths, the men fell about in the boat in all directions. It was no fault of theirs that they had made the silent half of the throng on the tow-path April fools.

Powell, reputed to be the best oar in the two boats, was the most "baked." He nearly collapsed into the river. This showed how hard he had been rowing.

Jones, Oxford's enormous No. 5, had a little April Fool's Day joke all to himself. Some people had hinted that he was too enormous to pull his weight. They said that he would be "distressed" at the finish.

But Jones was not a bit distressed. His smile was a large component part of Oxford's united smile of triumph, which was one of the most exhilarating features of the winning-post scene.

The time of the "race" was 20min. 35sec.

## 'DAILY MIRROR' MOTOR-BOAT

How the First News of Oxford's Victory Was Conveyed to Thousands.

One of the sensations of Saturday's Boatrace was the *Daily Mirror* motor-launch, which announced the result of the race to the thousands crowding the banks.

In less than a quarter of an hour from the finish the launch, the fastest belonging to the famous torpedo-boat builders, Messrs. Thornycroft, had traversed the whole course from Mortlake to Putney, and in an incredibly short space of time had informed the vast crowds, long before the usual semi-official craft had even left Mortlake.

It was a sensational voyage. With the boat churning through the water at twenty-five miles an hour.

There was also the spice of danger from collision, but the hard-faced young coxswain of the launch threaded his way through the traffic in marvellous style.

Mr. Justice Grantham arrived at Southampton from Madeira on Saturday. His health has improved considerably.

## SLANDERED NURSE.

£50 Damages Awarded by a Welsh Jury Against Her Detractor.

A verdict of £50 damages, with costs, was obtained at the Glamorgan Assizes on Saturday against John Cowley by Margaret Jane Pugh.

As nurse she was employed by the workmen at the Arael Griffin Colliery, Six Bells, Monmouthshire, where Cowley was also employed.

On October 8, 1904, the workmen of the colliery held a meeting, at which the question of her employment came under discussion.

After the meeting the defendant is said to have stated:—"If those men at the meeting only knew as much as I about that nurse, they wouldn't have been the same as they were. These lines (meaning certain letters which defendant then took from his pocket) I have got will condemn her. It is her own handwriting. The character she brought here was absolutely false, and more than that, she has been divulging medical secrets. When the doctor was away upon his holidays she was sitting up till two or three in the morning with the assistant."

On September 3 defendant was further alleged to have said:—"I knew her (meaning plaintiff) before she came here. I know every place she has been to and why she had to leave. She is nothing but a waster."

Miss Pugh, who wore her professional dress in court, gave evidence of the injury the statements had done her. When she spoke to the prisoner on the subject he denied having maligned her.

Many witnesses gave evidence as to the great universal affection the nurse had earned, and the verdict was received with great satisfaction.

## MR. C. S. EGERTON,



The recently appointed Senior Superintendent of the London Fire Brigade.

## METHOD IN MADNESS.

Magistrate Unmoved by a Prisoner's hysterical Screaming.

Apparently in a paroxysm of madness, a man named Henry Godbolt was brought before the South-Western Police Court on Saturday charged with obtaining money by false pretences from Brixton ladies.

He tore at his face with his fingers in a sort of frenzy, and rent his clothing with fine effect. From time to time he emitted yells so horrible that several women in the back of the court had hysterics, and had to be removed by the police.

But his groans had little effect on Mr. de Grey, who proceeded to hear the charge.

"I know you are acting a part," said Mr. de Grey, "but you won't be able to take me in. What have you to say in defence?"

"Oh, you can do what you like," replied the prisoner, with an admirable air of idiocy.

Mr. de Grey: I don't believe you are mentally affected, and you must go to prison for three months.

## CAPTURE OF A RECTORY.

A party of six people, headed by a lady, descended on the rectory of Bramston, near Daventry, and took possession while the vicar was out, barring all the doors.

On the rector's return they were evicted by the police. The lady claims to be heiress-at-law of the former owners of the rectory.

## LAID ASIDE HIS HELMET.

A constable who exchanged his helmet for a bowler hat had the satisfaction of arresting two men who had stolen two legs of pork from a slaughterhouse. He was complimented by the Bench at Thames Police Court for his clever ruse.

## £133,000 "INVENTION."

Remarkable Story of "Equation XX" and a Searchlight.

## SINGULAR CHARGE.

"Equation XX" was the name given by Arthur Eddy, a chemist's assistant, to a powerful solution he claimed to have invented.

In explaining the use of his alleged invention to Mr. William Clatworthy, of Plymouth, he said that by passing an electric current through it he was able to produce a light so intense as completely to eclipse in brilliance all the searchlights in existence.

Therefore, as was only natural, he had applied his invention to the production of a new searchlight, which he had christened the "Official Globe."

This invention, he said, had been sold by him to the Government for £133,000.

He showed Mr. Clatworthy some drawings and plans, which he said were those of his invention. He had to go to Exeter to superintend the construction of his machine.

For this work money was required. Mr. Clatworthy, who had known Eddy from his youth, advanced him sums amounting in all to £1,202, which Eddy said were expended on the ingredients for making "Equation XX."

## Owed His Landlady £10.

Later Eddy showed Mr. Clatworthy some alleged "official letters." They were stamped with the royal arms, and made mention of the names of Mr. Hales Seymour and Mr. Fisher. These gentlemen, he said, were continually in touch with the heads of the Treasury, Admiralty, and War Office.

But Mr. Clatworthy had been shown other letters, in which Eddy's landlady in Mortimer-street complained that he owed her £10.

This caused him to make closer inquiries, and led to his being informed that the searchlight was quite a myth.

Eddy appeared at Bow-street on Saturday, and was remanded on a charge of obtaining money by false pretences.

## THREE GIRLS IN A CAB.

To Say Nothing of a Doctor Who Lost His Watch and Chain.

"And there was I with three girls in a cab."

With these graphic words, Mr. E. Fielder, a Watford physician, described the climax of a series of adventures he experienced in the neighbourhood of Leicester-square.

Sternly ordering the reporters not to give the case publicity, he told the Marlborough-street Bench how he met Miss Clara King in the Haymarket, and how the party was increased by two more ladies.

While he was paying the cabman, his guests disappeared, and he found that his gold watch and chain, and an instrument case, worth £50 in all, had also gone.

Clara King, an artificial flower-maker, who denied having seen the watch, was remanded on a charge of having stolen the missing property.

## QUIXOTIC LANDLADY.

Abstaining Publican Who Declines the Chance of Making More Profit.

It is not often that a Licensing Bench is troubled by the teetotal prejudices of an occupier of licensed premises.

The Northumberland County magistrates, however, have just settled a difficulty arising from this cause.

The owner of a public-house at Cramlington objected to carry out the Bench's request that she should enlarge her premises, although it was to her financial advantage to do so.

The difficulty was complicated by the fact that the licence could not be taken away from her, as the establishment was an ante-1839 beerhouse.

The landlady finally agreed to build an extra storey to the house, which would not enlarge the area set aside for the purpose of supplying drink.

## TALE OF A CAT.

The Lycema management is to be summoned by the R.S.P.C.A., for alleged cruelty to a cat.

The animal is made to stand on the backs of two chairs while dogs jump over it. Sometimes the cat is knocked down.

The trick is a very old one, and the management pooh-poohs the idea of cruelty.

Scattering handfuls of jewellery—not his own—in High-street, Birmingham, James Lees, who broke a jeweller's shop window for supplies of the precious missiles, was arrested. His excuse was that he was out of work.

## STRANGE APPLICATION.

Mr. Plowden Declines an Official Visit to a Sick Lady.

Mr. Plowden on Saturday added a new experience to the many that have fallen to his lot in the Marylebone Police Court.

A solicitor, representing an old lady residing near Hyde Park, said that his client had given her butler in charge for stealing a quantity of plate valued at £50.

As the lady was an invalid, and had not been out of doors for three and a half years, she could not attend the court to give evidence.

He therefore asked the magistrates to attend at the lady's house for the purpose of taking her depositions, or to depute someone else to do so.

In support of this application he stated that the police had said they would let the accused man go unless the lady attended to give her evidence.

Such an outcome of the case would be a direct incentive to dishonest people to rob helpless invalids like the lady in question.

Police evidence showed that there was nothing to justify the charge against the butler, who denied all knowledge of the missing silver.

Mr. Plowden characterised the suggestion that he should attend the lady's residence and take evidence as a most extraordinary one. He had never heard of such a thing.

The solicitor then withdrew.

## "IN THE CHURCHYARD."

Woman's Wit Devises a Novel Expedient for Removing an "Objection to Children."

The expedients to which poor people with children are driven in order to obtain lodgings were illustrated by a story told at Worship-street on Saturday.

A woman, when in search of apartments, was asked the usual question, "Have you any children?"

"Ah, they are in the churchyard," she answered mournfully.

Having let her the accommodation asked for, the landlord was thunderstruck to find three young children among his new tenants.

"I thought you had buried your children," he complained.

"I said they were in the churchyard," was the explanation, "and so they were. I left them on a seat there while I took your lodgings."

The narrator, who appeared at the court for crowding his wife and family of four into one small room, was given time to find suitable apartments.

## 'ENGLAND WOFULLY BEHIND.'

Admiralty Buys Foreign Goods Because They Are Better Than English.

Mr. Arnold-Forster, the Secretary for War, appeared on the same platform as Mr. W. Crooks, M.P., on Saturday night.

The occasion was the distribution of prizes to the students of the Woolwich Polytechnic.

It was high time, said the War Secretary, that England kept abreast of the times and not allowed our requirements to be manufactured by foreigners.

This country should cease to be outdistanced by such countries as Germany and the United States.

Going through a list of war stores of the Navy one day he found that three-quarters of the carbons for the electric lamps were supplied from France.

It was a serious thing that articles upon which we had to depend in time of war should come from abroad and be supplied because they were superior to English manufacture.

We were woefully behind in matters of scientific organisation, but he was glad that there was to be an improvement in this respect.

## AN ERROR AS TO MR. HOLDEN.

In our issue of March 24 we summarised the reports of the proceedings in two cases tried in the Appeal Court and Clerkenwell County Court, in which husbands were held liable for debts for millinery supplied to their wives—namely, the respective claims of Messrs. Paquin and Co. (the well-known costumiers, against Mrs. Mary Dubois Holden, and of a draper against a Post Office clerk.

In error we stated that Mr. Holden, having got into hopeless financial difficulties, absconded. This statement is without foundation in fact, and we much regret that we should have been led into making it.

## "BUY A BOX OF CHOCOLATES."

"Speak to her in the same way as you spoke to her before you married her. Tell her some of the sweet little things you told her when you were walking together. Buy her a box of chocolates, and take her home."

This advice was given to a young Russian at Stratford court on Saturday, whose wife had asked for a separation order.



## DANGER IN THE WATERCRESS.

Medical Officer Says Part of London's Supply Is Polluted.

### SERIOUS POSITION.

For some time the dark suspicion of pollution has hovered over the supply of watercress to London. The seriousness of this can be gauged from the fact that as much as 1,500 tons of this favourite uncooked vegetable is consumed in the metropolis every year.

The medical officer of health for the London County Council has just presented a report on investigations of the water from the 120 beds which supply London with its watercress within a radius of fifty miles.

Whilst the officer says that there is no material risk attached to the consumption of most of the cress sent to town, objection must be made to some of the beds and steps taken to prevent their product entering the market.

In some cases surface drainage was allowed to enter the beds; in other cases artificial manure works were situated within twenty yards of the beds, while other offensive trades were carried on within 500 yards.

At another set of beds visited evidence was found of occasional contamination from a river and cess-pool overflows.

The report was referred to the Local Government Board.

### THE TIDE OF RATES.

Where It Rises and Where It Ebbs in the Metropolitan Area.

During last year the rates have gone up in nineteen of the metropolitan boroughs, and have decreased in seven.

Such is the effect of the return to be presented to the L.C.C. to-morrow.

The principal figures are:

INCREASES.		
Bermondsey .....	7 8-10d. Stoke Newington .. 4d.	
Hammersmith .....	6d. Deptford .....	4d.
Poplar .....	5 3-10d. Lambeth .....	4d.
Battersea .....	5d.	
DECREASES.		
Holborn .....	5 1-10d. Wandsworth .....	2 7-10d.
Greenwich .....	4 4-10d. Westminster .....	2 5-10d.

The lowest-rated borough is Kensington; the highest, Poplar.

The lowest-rated borough is Kensington; the highest, Poplar.

### THE NEWEST ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

Second Part of this Great Reference Work Ready To-morrow.

The enormous demand upon the first fortnightly part of "The Harmsworth Encyclopædia" still continues, although the second part will be in the hands of the public to-morrow.

Judging by the extraordinary run upon copies of Part I, which resulted in the entire edition being sold out within an hour of its publication, it is clear that no one who wishes to make sure of a copy of the second fortnightly instalment will be prudent if he neglects to order it to-day. Thousands of persons who wanted the first part had to wait for a week before they could obtain a copy. This was not the fault of the newswriters, as the publishers found it absolutely impossible to meet the enormous demand at once. It is expected, however, that all orders will be met by to-day.

The second instalment of "The Harmsworth Encyclopædia" contains, like the first, 160 pages, each bearing three columns of closely but clearly printed matter, profusely illustrated with maps, plans, photographs, and sketches. Several articles of exceptional interest at the present moment will be found in the second part, which will be published to-morrow.

Every one of the 1,200 articles contained in the part has been kept open till the moment of going to press, and by this means the most up-to-date information on every point has been included.

The price of each fortnightly part of "The Harmsworth Encyclopædia" is sevenpence. Thus the most complete and up-to-date work of reference in the world is obtainable at the nominal cost of one halfpenny per day.

IF YOU ASK

Early in the Morning

YOU CAN HAVE  
PART II. THE

HARMSWORTH  
ENCYCLOPÆDIA

Price 7d. Complete in 40 Parts.

## INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

Princess Christian will visit Edwinstow, Wales, on Easter Tuesday, and not on Easter Monday as originally arranged.

Impudently stealing uniforms out of a police station in Dublin, Henry Clarke was captured, charged, and remanded.

Beer-selling by weight is the novel solution of the "long pull" problem, suggested by the Oldham and District Licensed Victuallers' Association.

At the age of 112 years, Hugh O'Donnell, known as "Hughey from Tory," has just died at Bloody Foreland, Ireland. He was an inveterate smoker and story-reader.

Whilst at play Jessie Savant, aged six, of Lillie-road, Fulham, thrust a small button in her nose. She had to be attended at the Queen's Jubilee Hospital in order to have it removed.

The champion tract distributor of the world is said to be Mr. A. E. Eccles, of Chorley, Lancs, who claims to have circulated 40,000,000 publications on temperance, religion, and politics.

Objecting to vaccination for children because in one case it had made a child of his "peevish and bad-tempered," an applicant has obtained an exemption certificate from Judge Austin at Bristol.

On the retirement of Senior Superintendent A. Lester from the London Fire Brigade, the London County Council will to-morrow be asked to grant him a pension of £198 per annum to which the regulations entitle him.

In order that the public may judge of their merits without being influenced by the management, music-hall artists will be "billed" in alphabetical order, and in uniform type, from to-day at Mr. Frank Macnaghten's variety halls in Bradford.

Members of Parliament are betting on the date of the general election. One has bet four separate silk hats that it will not be this year.

To see "Peter Pan" at its reproduction, by Mr. C. Frohman next December 14 seats have already been booked for the Christmas holidays.

An impostor is soliciting subscriptions for the Royal Eye Hospital by sending appeals to the charitable, enclosing a report of the annual meeting.

Railway employees at Crewe, who have been on short time for nearly two years, have received the welcome news that full time is now to be started in parts of the works.

Fragments of coal having been disclosed by the action of the sea at Joppa, four miles from Edinburgh, an expert says that in all probability a great coalfield underlies Scotland's capital.

In a box occupied by a pigeon sitting on two eggs a cat has just given birth to three kittens. This curious incident is reported by Mr. Englefield, of Bordesley Green Tavern, Small Heath, Birmingham.

In a case heard at Newport, Isle of Wight, the clerk of the court said that a person who has been summoned for keeping a dog without a licence cannot be proceeded against a second time, even if he still fails to take out a licence.

Hellingly (Sussex) is a village with a grievance. Out of fifty-three burials in its cemetery forty were inmates from the neighbouring asylum. The cemetery is only two acres. Moreover, the number of deaths seems a reflection on the healthiness of the village. Now the parish council want the county council to provide their own cemetery.

## JAPANESE PRISONERS COMMIT SUICIDE.



Russian papers report that fifty Japanese soldiers who were confined in the village of Medwed, Novgorod, have committed suicide—some by hari-kari and others by poisoning themselves. Our photograph shows these prisoners soon after they arrived at Medwed.

Sacramental wine and £3 in cash have been stolen from the Wesleyan Chapel at New Cross.

Ordinary shareholders of the Belfast Tramways are to receive a distribution of about £10 15s. a share.

Golf as a training for Army officers is recommended by Captain St. John, of the London Scottish, because it teaches discipline, and that a game is never lost till it is won.

An eccentric Mumbles (Swansea) resident, Llewellyn Thomas, has just been badly injured in an attempt to walk along the telephone wires, which broke under his weight.

A trading competition in aid of the funds of a new Congregational Sunday-school, at Chorley, Lancs., each competitor starting with 1s., resulted in one young lady making a profit of £1 12s. 6d., while another made £1 11s.

Mr. P. J. Cooke, professor of elocution at the Northern Polytechnic, Holloway, will be the judge in the open competition for the best short essay on the character of Hamlet, for which the London Concert Direction Company offer a silver medal.

Regretting that he had no power to order a whipping for James Brown, aged sixteen, who was caught climbing into a van and taking sugar out of a sack, the South-Western magistrate bound him over to come up for judgment if called upon.

An illegal by-law has been discovered at Cardiff. In a street-lighting case it was contended that the by-law providing for a penalty of 40s. goes farther than the general law, which provides that the parties should enter into securities for good behaviour, and that therefore it cannot be enforced. The case was adjourned.

In fourteen months, ended last Saturday, 128,000 farthing breakfasts were supplied to children by the Salvation Army in London.

Mill-street Congregational Chapel, Newport, Mon., is about to celebrate its 250th anniversary. It is believed that this is the oldest chapel in Wales.

The largest pike of the year has been captured by Mr. W. K. Wallis, of Nottingham, who drew his "catch," a 33-lb. pike, out of Exton Lake, Rutland.

"No, sir; he is a Bristolian," said a father, in reply to the magistrate's question: "Is your son a Roman Catholic?" during the hearing of a charge of fowl-stealing.

A descendant of King Malcolm Canmore has just passed away at St. Boswells in the person of Lieutenant-Colonel T. A. Riddell-Carr, late of the Royal Scots Fusiliers. His son, the new laird of Cavers Carr, is a captain in the Army.

The purchase of a genuine Turner for a few shillings took place at Oldham, not at West Hartlepool, as reported. Mr. A. M. Cullin has submitted his lucky "find" to Mr. Stanfield, of the Manchester Art Gallery, who pronounces it genuine.

In the hearing of rent applications at Limerick Judge Adams reduced one rental from £120 to £77, and another from £78 to £25. "The farmers of Ireland," remarked his Honour, "lost £1,000,000 on agricultural produce last year as compared with previous years."

The Rev. J. H. Jowett, a popular Birmingham Free Church minister, has been severely taxed to task for assisting in a welcome given to Bishop Gore. In reply he says that if he thought the criticisms actually illustrated the temper of Nonconformity he would "be out of it to-morrow."

## MARVELS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

"Daily Mirror" Negatives Developed in a Train.

### SOLDIER AS NURSE.

After the Boatswain on Saturday there followed another contest, which was as keenly contested and, to those concerned, was even more exciting than the event of the day itself.

Everyone knows that on Saturday evening four London music-halls were able to show moving pictures of the race, but few realise the amount of work done at racing speed which such an accomplishment involves. Four machines were focussed on the race, each of them taking hundreds of photographs a minute, and all these hundreds of photographs had to be developed and prepared for printing on the machines which were to show them at night in a few hours. Such feats have become almost the commonplace of modern life, yet, remembering that they would have been absolutely impossible but a few years ago, they surely deserve to be ranked among its marvels.

The public has almost ceased to wonder at seeing the events of the day shown, as they actually happened, upon a screen in the evening. It is even growing accustomed to seeing photographs of the happenings of one day reproduced in the *Daily Mirror* of the next morning. Yet both are astonishing feats, and the latter, with its added difficulty of making blocks from which the illustrations are printed, and the printing and distributing of hundreds of thousands of papers all over the kingdom, involves the employment of the most up-to-date improvements and the application of the utmost enterprise and energy from all concerned.

### DEVELOPED ON THE TRAIN.

The photographs taken at Aintree during the running of the Grand National Steeplechase, which were reproduced in most of the *Daily Mirror* appearing next morning, were taken at Liverpool after three o'clock on Friday afternoon. The films for the Biograph Company, which intended showing them at the Palace Theatre that night, were taken at the same time. The films and, thanks to the courtesy of the Biograph Company, the *Daily Mirror* photographs were developed in a specially equipped saloon carriage during the run from Liverpool to London, where they arrived at nine o'clock in the evening.

After that came the race to the *Daily Mirror* office, the preparation of the blocks and plates for the printing machines, and the printing of the *Daily Mirror* in time for the early morning distribution.

Such feats are now expected of the *Daily Mirror*, and the public that expects them will not be disappointed; but it can be readily understood that the race to show photographs of such contests are as exciting as the contests themselves.

### SOLDIER AS NURSE.

The soldier Perloff, whose photograph, taken with that of the seven-months-old baby to which he is acting as nurse, is reproduced on page 8, is for the moment being applauded by the people of St. Petersburg as though he were a hero.

And, indeed, he has accomplished no mean feat. His lieutenant had a son born with the war, his mother having gone out to the front as a Red Cross nurse with Kuropatkin's army. It was impossible that the infant could stay at the army headquarters, so Perloff undertook to take it to St. Petersburg, a task he has successfully accomplished after weeks of trouble and weary travel. Small wonder that the women of St. Petersburg are wildly enthusiastic over the skill and care of the soldier-nurse.

### RUSH OF WEDDINGS.

Nearly a Hundred Fashionable Weddings During Last Four Days of April.

The fact that Easter Sunday falls as late as the 23rd, leaves only four days in which impatient brides and bridegrooms who wish to avoid both Lent and unlucky May can be married according to the recognised canons of social propriety and superstition.

Easter Monday and the following Friday are, of course, not considered suitable days.

The result has been that nearly 100 fashionable weddings will be celebrated on the 25th, 26th, 27th, and 29th.

The principal weddings to be solemnised on these days are:—

Captain John Halker Crawford, 32nd Lancers (Indian Army), and the Lady Gertrude Molyneux, sister of the Earl of Sefton.  
Lieutenant Cecil Chichester, R.N., son of the late General Chichester, and Miss Katharine Cottrell-Dorner.  
Lord Herbert Scott, D.S.O., Irish Guards, son of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, and Miss Marie Edwards, daughter of the late Mr. James Edwards, of Dovercourt, Essex.  
The Earl of Maresburg and the Hon. Dorothy Calthorpe, daughter of Lord and Lady Calthorpe.  
Captain Francis Farquhar, D.S.O., Coldstream Guards, only son of Sir Henry Farquhar, Bart., and the Lady Evelyn Hely Hutchinson, sister of the Earl of Donoughmore.



## NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the Daily Mirror are:—

12, WHITEFRIARS-STREET, LONDON, E.C.

TELEPHONES: 1310 and 2100 Holborn.  
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflexed," London.  
PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Talbott.

"O.K." SAUCE MONDAY!  
"O.K." SAUCE COLD MEAT DAY!  
"O.K." SAUCE But all good housewives  
"O.K." SAUCE know that the cold joint  
"O.K." SAUCE is made attractive with  
"O.K." SAUCE Mason's "O.K." Sauce.

## Daily Mirror

MONDAY, APRIL 3, 1905

## THE KING AND MR. BALFOUR.

THE political situation abounds in curiosities. One of the most curious is that a very advanced Radical newspaper is calling upon King Edward to exercise his prerogative and dismiss the present Ministry from office!

Imagine what would be said if the Tories were to suggest that his Majesty should prove himself "the monarch of his people" and should put a summary end to an unpopular Government. They would be accused of wanting to break down the Constitution, of tampering with the liberties of the British race.

And, furthermore, they would be rightly accused. The King of England cannot dismiss a Ministry. He cannot even suggest that it should resign. Until it chooses to resign, or comes to the end of its seven years of office, there is no constitutional way of getting rid of it, however unpopular it may be.

The real remedy for such an unsatisfactory state of affairs as exists at present is to alter the law which ordains that general elections shall be held every seven years. Elections ought to be held at least every three years. Then it would be impossible for a Government to remain very long in office against the wish of the majority of the nation.

If the Liberals are sincere in their professions, they should make a Triennial Act a leading feature in their programme. That would be both more practical and more sensible than calling upon the King to do what he is far too wise ever to dream of doing. If the royal prerogative were to be revived in the direction suggested, the Liberals would very soon be agitating for its removal again. It would be a two-edged weapon indeed!

## SCOTCH AND ENGLISH.

It has been calculated that out of every five important positions in England three are held by Scotsmen.

Yet when an Englishman tries for an important position in Scotland there is a tremendous outcry. So great was the hubbub raised last week over the application by the town clerk of Fulham for the town clerkship of Glasgow that the too-daring Southron withdrew his candidature and took the first train back to London.

England seems to be the one country in the world which gives natives of other countries an absolutely unrestricted field. In France or Germany you scarcely ever see a foreign name upon a shop. Here they abound. Who ever saw an English attendant in an Italian or a Swiss hotel? Yet English waiters are almost as scarce in England as they are on the Continent.

Most of the best paying trades and occupations in England are full of foreigners. They come here and grow rich, and in a few years' time talk about "we English" and "our great country" until the genuine Englishman feels quite as if he were an interloper.

As for the English nation's cousins—the Scotch, the Irish, the Americans—they are to be found everywhere in England, occupying the highest places and making rapid fortunes without any objection raised. Yet who ever heard of an Englishman going to Scotland or Ireland and becoming a great man?

Is it laziness on the Englishman's part?

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Beauty, like Truth, never is so glorious as when it goes the plainest.—*Laurence Sterne, author of "Tristram Shandy."*

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THIS evening Mr. E. F. Benson, otherwise "Do-do" Benson, is the guest of the Authors' Club at dinner. He certainly will not be greeted with what he found to be the ideal of wealthy feeding while he was travelling in Greece. He and some companions were benighted on the top of a mountain pass and spent the night with a party of shepherds. One of them asked Mr. Benson if he knew Queen Victoria, and then went on to say: "I suppose she is very rich." "Yes," said Mr. Benson. "So rich," said the shepherd interrogatively, "that I daresay she has tinned meat for dinner every day?" It is rather a strange ideal of wealth.

Luckily for Mr. Benson he is not a superstitious man. If he had been really nervous on the subject

of the "fatal thirteen" he would have been frightened to death during one of his trips to Egypt. He was taken ill, and his doctor said it was sunstroke. For sunstroke, accordingly, he was treated for thirteen days. Then it was found to be typhoid. He was put on a steamer to go to Cairo; his cabin was No. 13. On landing he was taken to a hotel, and his room was No. 104—eight times thirteen. Thirteen began to get on his nerves, so on the excuse that the room was too hot he had himself moved. His new room was No. 78—six times thirteen. After that he has let thirteen have its own way, especially as he was declared out of danger on the 26th of the month—twice thirteen.

Lord Delamere is becoming so "Africanised" that he has just let his beautiful Cheshire home, Vale Royal, for ten years, so that he may devote his full time to developing his 100,000 acres of land

in British East Africa. I don't wonder that he should have such a preference for Africa. He is safer there. After his first trip, in which he ventured where the white man had not yet trodden, shot much big game of almost record size, and had mighty adventures, he returned home without a scratch. No sooner was he back than he was thrown while hunting and very seriously hurt—at one time it looked as though he would be a cripple for life.

Directly he was better he went off on another shooting and exploring expedition, and once more got back safely. Again he went hunting, and had an even worse spill at the same spot. But that second spill was a blessing in disguise. The Master of the Hounds was Lord Enniskillen. His youngest daughter made a charming companion and amateur nurse to the cul-de-sac. The sequel was a wedding, within three months of which the bride and bridegroom were off, big-game shooting again, to South Africa.

In spite of the fact that she has just created a record by playing Katharina in "The Taming of the Shrew" for just upon 150 nights, Miss Lily Brayton is looking forward to her appearance as Ophelia to-morrow with positive terror. As she says herself, she is a "nervy" person. But on the stage she shows no signs of nervousness. In fact, she always appears most self-possessed. But that does not prevent her going deadly cold and feeling as though she would never be able to articulate a single syllable.

That she has played Ophelia before will not make it much better for her. The first time she played the part was in Newcastle when she was with Mr. Benson's company. It was probably one of the most trying occasions of her life, but it was none the less one of the most successful. She had understudied Mrs. Benson in the part, and was suddenly called upon to play it. Naturally she was nervous, but to add to it she heard that Miss Ellen Terry was "in front." She went on the stage in abject terror, but terror or no terror she played so well that Mr. Benson at once gave her a three years' engagement. Her nervousness may be very unpleasant for her, but she hides it completely.

It looks as if Strauss's music is to be extremely popular in London. The presence of the composer at Queen's Hall on Saturday afternoon, when he conducted the second performance of his "Domestic Symphony," drew a large crowd to the hall, and at the conclusion of the work he was honoured with cheers and many recalls. The audience laughed heartily when the composer ran off the platform and returned literally dragging along Mr. Henry J. Wood, who was vigorously protesting against being made to "come on." There was much hand-shaking between the two musicians, and the orchestra was not forgotten in the general congratulations. A fresh hearing of the work seems to deepen the general impression that, in spite of one or two defects, it is a symphony of much power and beauty.

Mr. Andrew Lang may be "the most nervous man in England," as he assures us in the "Occult Review," on the authority of his dentist, but he is none the less not afraid of the supernatural. After telling some creepy stories of how a family encountered a ghostly visitant in the form of a charming young woman, and how one of them drew a picture of what she saw, he says, "I would not mind how soon or how often they met" that charming phantasm with the large, dark eyes." But Mr. Lang is not always so serious as people imagine. When he says unkind things about "modern journalism," and writes histories of Scotland, he is all that is pedantic and magnificent.

But he can be otherwise. I remember once how a would-be poet sent him some verses for his criticism. The criticism was simplicity itself. He had merely written, "My dear sir, my dear sir, Yours truly, Andrew Lang." Once, too, when someone asked him to direct him to the house he resided in he replied, with his customary look of languid sorrow for nine-tenths of the human race, "Go up Cromwell-road till you drop and then turn to the right." On another occasion a dinner was given in his honour at the Cheshire Cheese, which is always associated with Dr. Johnson. Mr. Lang was somewhat bored, and when an enthusiastic American exclaimed in a voice of rapture, "And this was one of the haunts of Dr. Johnson," he drawled out, "And who was Dr. Johnson?"

## IN MY GARDEN.

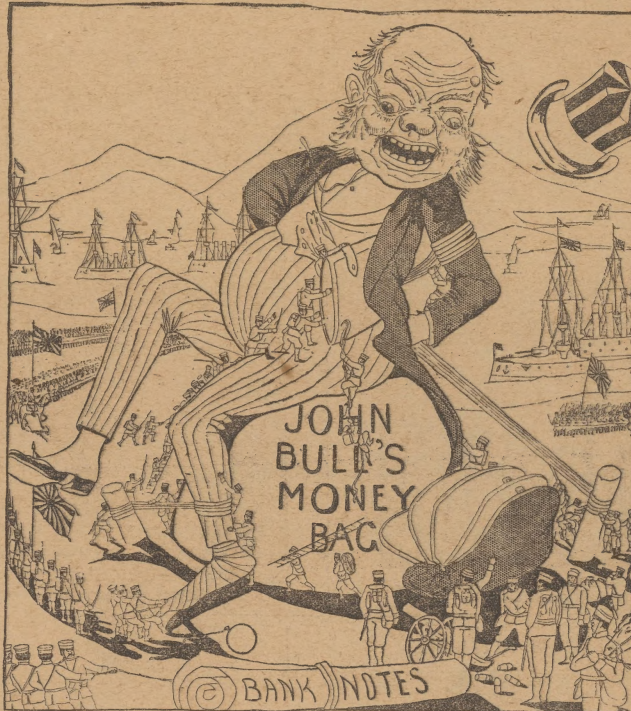
APRIL 2.—April, one of the sweetest months of the year, comes to find the garden by no means a barren waste. Indeed, many forestalled several of April's most treasured gifts.

On sunny days the bees gaily hum among the crocuses. Yet the beauty of these early flowers is fast passing away. Their bright appearance can be prolonged for a little by picking off the dead blossoms.

Quickly the hyacinths are opening. The hardy anemones are also beginning to put forth their many-hued flowers. As they are almost as easy to grow as the popular pansy, they might with advantage be often seen in gardens.

E. F. T.

## RUSSIA, RESENTS THE SUCCESS OF JAPAN'S LOAN.



This is a cartoon widely circulated in Russia, representing the Japanese pillaging John Bull's purse and money-bags. The Russians like to think that they are not the only sufferers by the war!

## A WOMAN OF THE HOUR.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

AGE seems to make no difference to her. She will soon be ninety-two, but she is as energetic as ever in the cause of charity. Just now she is hard at work organising a concert at Stafford House, the Duchess of Sutherland's palatial home, in aid of the Oxygen Hospital.

She is doing everything herself. She has arranged with the artists, she has sent out the notices of the concert, and she is selling the tickets herself at her house. No. 1, Stratton-street, W. She is also president of the hospital itself, among her multitudinous activities.

Really she is a wonderful old lady, and her record as a philanthropist is unequalled. For seventy years she has devoted herself to distributing her great wealth in charity. How much of the £1,800,000 which she inherited she has disposed of it would be hard to say, for she does not advertise her benefactions.

It was for her good deeds that she was created a baroness in her own right over thirty years ago. She is wonderfully well and strong in spite of her age and her work. She is still almost as straight as ever, and the delicate look of her slight figure is very deceptive.

What strikes one first about her face is the kindness of it, the sympathy of her eyes, the gentleness but resolution of the mouth.

It was King Edward who said of her: "After my mother she is the most remarkable woman in England."

But if you want to see what sort of a woman she is and buy a guinea, or a two-guinea, or even a half-guinea, ticket for her concert on April 11, and see for yourself.

## WHEELS OF EMPIRE.—II.

The People of the Pit.

THESE are the men who daily descend into the blackness and the murk of the mines, and there worry like steel-fanged wolves at the sombre cliffs of coal, so that the Empire Machine shall not lack fuel.

And though the torn and embittered great Mother Earth besets them continually with dangerous snarls, like an anguished and desperate woman; though she convulses in her lurid heart cruel ambushes that she may be revenged upon them; though she hems them in with creeping treacheries, the People of the Pit do not cease from their labours.

There comes, snarling like a great-foam-lipped beast, the Menace of Water, sweeping through the dark underways, yearning to seize upon the People of the Pit. But they iron and chain the waters and turn again to their work.

There comes, casting its bitter javelins of flame at them, the Menace of Fire, roaring hungrily down the long tunnells, and reaching out to embrace them. But this devourer also do they tame, and continue their toil unafraid.

There comes, crawling along the floors, a slow and perilous thing, unseen, unheard, unheralded. It is the Menace of Poisonous Gas; a vapour, deliberate and deadly—the breath of the Angel of Death. And it waits upon the floors of the mines.

But the People of the Pit seek it and confront it and dispel it, and once more they take up their task.

The great Mother Earth bides her time. She is their everlasting enemy. But meanwhile the People of the Pit see to it that the Empire Machine is fed, with coal.

BERTRAM ATKEY.



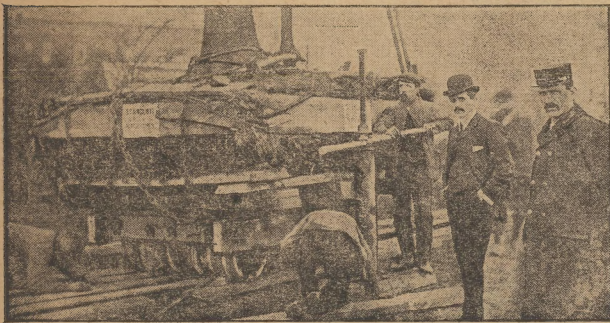
# NEWS PHOTOGRAPHS.

## SOLDIER AS NURSE.



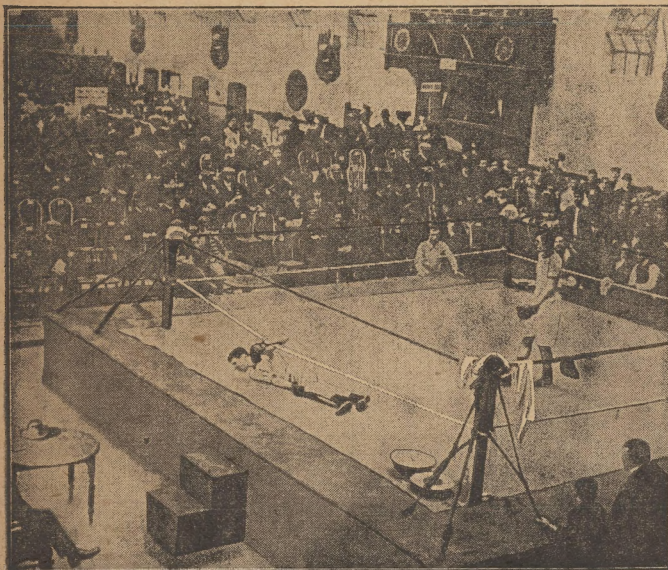
Private Perloff has just arrived in St. Petersburg from the Far East with the infant son of his lieutenant, born during the war.

## TRANSPLANTING TREES AT MANCHESTER.



Owing to the improvements being made at Whitworth Park, Manchester, it has been found necessary to transplant some trees of considerable size.

## PUBLIC SCHOOLS' BOXING COMPETITION.



Some very fast boxing was seen during the Public Schools Competition, which was held at Aldershot. Our photograph shows the effect of a knock-down blow.

## THE FINISH OF THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOATRACE.



Not one of the Oxford crew seemed particularly distressed when, after leading all through the race, they paddled past the winning-post three lengths ahead of their rivals.

## ENGLAND v. SCOTLAND IN THE INTERNATIONAL



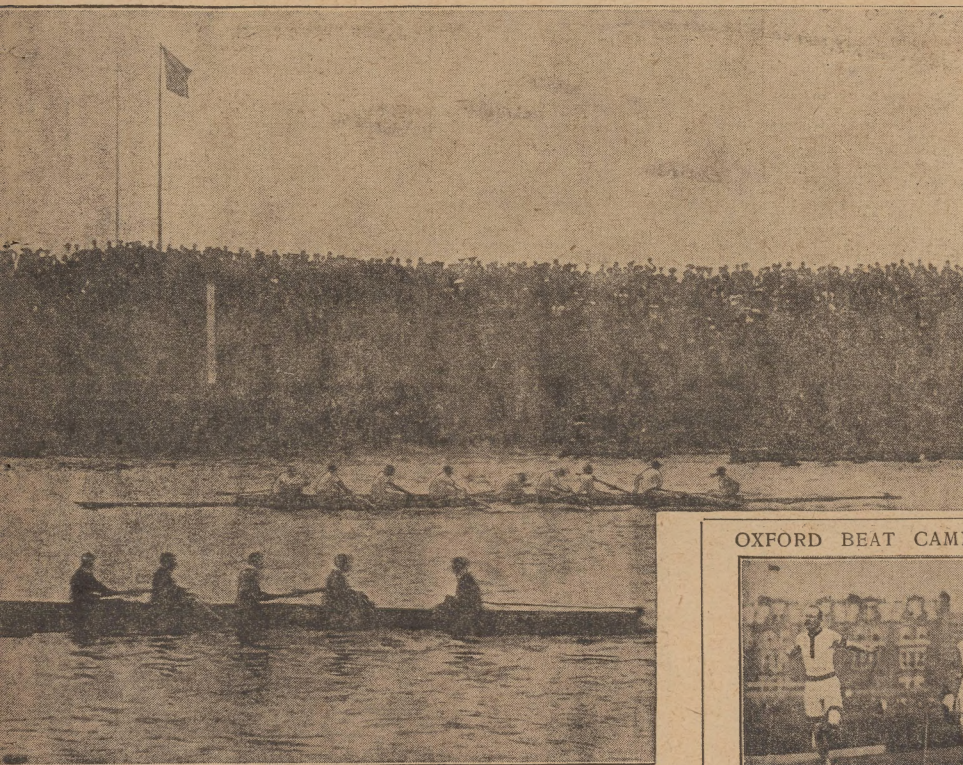
Ruddlesdin, the English right half-back, clearing from an attack made by Scotland.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THESE



# MIRROR, CAMERAGRAPHS.

HOW THE RIVAL CREWS ARRIVED AT THE WINNING POST.



The Cambridge men, who had made desperate attempts to catch the leaders, were sorely distressed at the finish.

SENT TO SIBERIA.



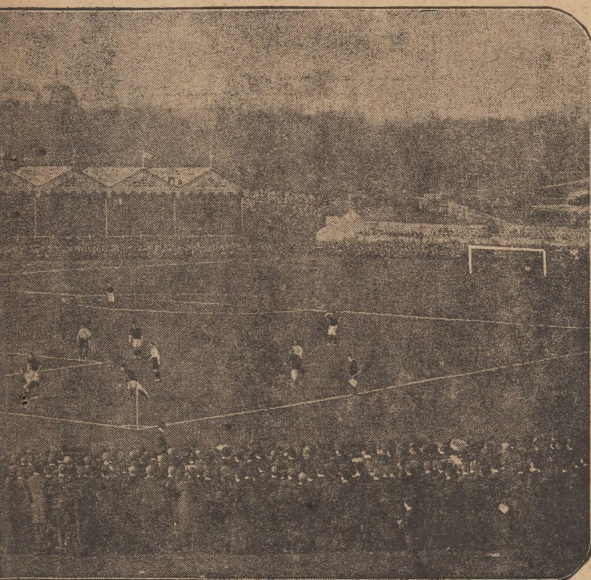
Accused of harbouring a revolutionary printing office under her millinery shop, Mme. Ratner has been condemned by the Russian Judges to be banished to Siberia.

OXFORD BEAT CAMBRIDGE IN THE HUNDRED YARDS.



The end of the hundred yards race at the Oxford v. Cambridge sports, J. H. Morrell, Oxford, winning by half a yard.

ASSOCIATION MATCH AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



ds, Somers and Wilson, on the left wing. England won the match by one goal

GENERAL BOOTH'S TOUR IN THE HOLY LAND.



The Commander-in-Chief of the Salvation Army visiting a house in Bethlehem during his recent tour through the Holy Land.



# AN ANGEL'S STORY.

One of the Most Beautiful Tales

Written by Hans Andersen, Born

100 Years Ago Yesterday.

It was not easy to find one of Hans Andersen's famous tales short enough for us to publish. "The Flower-Pot," however, is just the right length, and also one of the most touching of them all.

"Every time a good child dies, one of God's angels comes down to earth and takes the dead child in his arms, then spreads his large white wings, and flies over all the spots which the child best loved, and picks a whole garden of flowers, which he carries up to the Almighty that they may bloom in still greater loveliness in heaven than they did upon earth.

"And the Almighty presses all such flowers upon His heart, but He gives a kiss to the one He prefers, and then that flower becomes endowed with a voice, and can join in the choir of the blessed."

"These words were spoken by one of God's angels as he carried up a little child to heaven, and the child heard him as in a dream. And they passed over the spots in his home where the little one had played, and they passed through gardens filled with beautiful flowers.

"Which shall we take with us and transplant into the Kingdom of Heaven?" asked the angel. There stood a slender, lovely rosebush, only some wicked hand had broken the stem, so that all its sprigs, loaded with half-open buds, were withering around.

## ROSES FOR HEAVEN.

"Poor rosebush!" said the child; "let's take it in order that it may be able to bloom above in God's kingdom."

And the angel took it, and kissed the child for his kind intention, and the little one had opened its eyes. They plucked some of the gay, ornamental flowers, but took likewise the despised buttercups and wild pansy.

"Now we have plenty of flowers!" said the child, and the angel nodded assent; but he did not yet fly upwards to God. It was night, and all was quiet. They remained in the large town, and hovered over one of the narrow streets, where lay heaps of straw, ashes, and sweepings; for it was quarter-day and there had been several removals.

There lay fragments of plates, pieces of plaster of Paris, rags, and old hats, and all sorts of things that had become shabby.

"Look at this cold heap the angel pointed to the broken fragments of a flower-pot, and to a lump of mould that had fallen out of it, and was kept together by the roots of a large withered field-flower, which, being worthless, had been flung into the street.

"We will take it with us," said the angel, "and I will tell you why as we fly along."

"And as they flew, the angel related as follows:—

"In that narrow street a poor sickly boy lived in a lowly cellar. He had been bed-ridden from his childhood. In his best days he could just walk on crutches up and down the room a couple of times, but that was all.

"During some days in summer the sun shone just for about half an hour on the floor of the cellar; and then the poor boy sat and warmed himself in its beams. When he saw the red blood through his delicate fingers held before his face, then he considered he had been out that day."

"All he knew of the forest and its beautiful spring verdure was from the first sprig of beech that his neighbour's son used to bring him. He would hold it over his head and dream that he was under the beech trees, amid the sunshine and the carol of birds. One spring day the neighbour's boy brought him some field flowers besides; and among these there happened to be one that still retained its root. This he carefully planted in a flower-pot and placed in the window near his bed."

"The flower was planted by a lucky hand. It thrived and put forth new shoots, and blossomed every year. It became the rarest flower-garden for the sick boy, and his only little treasure here on earth. He watered it and cherished it, and took care it should wither by every sunbeam."

"The flower became interwoven into his very dreams. For him it bloomed; for him it spread its fragrance; it was to it he turned in the last gasp of death when the Lord called him."

## THE FLOWER THAT WAS THROWN AWAY.

"He has now been a year with his Heavenly Father. All that year did the flower stand forgotten in the window till it withered. It was therefore cast out amongst the sweepings in the street by the day of moving. And this is the flower, the poor, faded flower, which we have added to our nosegay, because this flower gave more joy than the rarest flower in the garden of a queen."

"And how do you know all this?" asked the child, as the angel carried him up to Heaven.

"I know it," said the angel, "because I myself was the little sick boy who walked upon crutches. And I know my own flower."

Then the child opened his eyes completely, and looked full at the angel's serenely beautiful countenance; and at the same moment they reached the kingdom of heaven, where all was joy and blessedness. And God pressed the flowers to his heart, but kissed the poor withered field-flower, which became endowed with a voice and joined in the chorus of angels.

And they all sang, great and little, the good, blessed child, and the poor field-flower that lay withered and cast away amongst the sweepings, under the rubbish of "moving day," in that narrow, dingy street.

## WHAT OUR STATESMEN EARN.

It is certainly to the credit of Britain that so many of her most brilliant sons should devote themselves to the service of Parliament for the material rewards cannot be held to be great.

A writer in "Chambers's Journal" estimates that during the thirty years of office Mr. Gladstone only drew in salary some £140,000, and though this sounds a large sum in itself, the expenses of contesting elections, etc., must have reduced it by a very large proportion.

Lord Beaconsfield for ten or eleven years of office only received about £50,000, and Lord Salisbury, who has been in office for twenty years, can only have drawn a little over £100,000.

The law officers of the Crown are the best paid. Last year the Attorney-General received in salary and fees a sum of £19,921, and the Solicitor-General was not far behind with £13,068. The Lord Chancellor's salary is £10,000.

steps with infinite precaution, for he was not overfond of the perilous descent.

"Look at old Grant clambering down like a crab," laughed Jack. He was not sorry to see his friend, for he and Kitty had been sitting in solemn silence for the last quarter of an hour. It was not like Kitty to be so dumb and silent, for she was a chatterbox by nature, but the girl appeared strangely reflective to-day, and Jack also had plenty to occupy his mind.

He had been thinking, as they sat side by side on the beach, of the conversation in the garden when what Kitty had said about the conditions of their engagement, and he realised with some inward anxiety the truth of the girl's words—for Jack had known for some time that, fond and devoted as he was, he was not actually in love with Kitty, not at least in the blind way of lovers; but he wondered why a suspicion of the truth had suddenly dawned upon Kitty. Was it possible that the lad just discovered that he did not love her, except as a comrade and a brother?

It might well be so, he reflected, and yet for the life of him he did not see what was to be done. It would break his father's and his uncle's hearts, to say nothing of Aunt Maria's, if the proposed match between himself and Kitty failed to come off—and, after all, there was no reason, he decided, why he and the girl should not be very happy. They were honestly and truly fond of each other, and perhaps mutual affection meant more towards the making of a happy marriage than the wild and midsummer madness which men call love.

Jack had been honest with himself. He had owned to himself that the rhythmic dash of the waves on the shore that he had been content enough with things as they were till he had seen Cecilia Melwyn's beautiful face at the theatre the night before; since then he had thought of nothing else. He had gone to sleep only to dream of that pure, pathetic face with the large sorrowful eyes. He had awakened only to curse himself for his folly in having refused an introduction to the girl, woman, and so having missed an opportunity which might never be his again.

He was moody and discontented all the morning

## THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

### "CHRISTIAN SCIENCE."

Your article upon Christian Science appears to me to be a fair and just one, and, as you say, "no doubt Christian Science has made many people happy, and even improved their health."

But how many homes has it wrecked by setting wife against husband or husband against wife? How many men, like myself, beat it quietly for home's sake, knowing that it is no use to reason when Christian Science possesses a woman?

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

### "PROMOTION BY MERIT."

Does "Would-be Soldier" know that there are plenty of decent middle-class men in every regiment, and that probably rising from the ranks will be made easier?

The battalions he speaks of when raised would be very unpopular with other regiments.

Brookdale-road, Calford. HAROLD PALMER.

### POSTMEN'S UNIFORM.

I think myself that postmen are a smart set of men because most of them have served their time in the Army.

The reason why their clothes get dusty is because they carry the mail-bags on their shoulders.

Anyone in the Post Office service who is slovenly and dirty would soon be dismissed.

P. O. OFFICIAL.

### THAMES STEAMBOATS.

I was glad to see your remarks with reference to the new County Council steamboats.

After all the agitation for and against a steamboat service, some two or three years ago, the result seems to be that, instead of smart, up-to-date screw launches, after the style of the Surrey Belle, plying up river, or those on the Seine, we are simply to have a copy of the old paddle-wheel monstrosities, which have long since been condemned by everyone.

How does the Council expect this service to pay unless the public are to be attracted by something in the way of really comfortable and swift boats, suitable for all weathers?

HERBERT C. HARPOUR.

Abbotstone-road, Putney.

### ARMY RATIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

I think it would be much more sportsmanlike if "Trooper in Bruce Hamilton's Division" and "Sergeant-Major, Imperial Light Horse" were to remember that they were not out for a picnic whilst in South Africa, to forget the little inconveniences that we all had to put up with regarding our rations, and to consider instead that they had the honour of fighting for their country against a common foe.

LATE CORONEL, HAMPSHIRE L.Y., S. AFRICA.

May I, as a Volunteer who served for fifteen months with a body of Yeomanry in South Africa, say that, although the country may have been swindled out of jam, it was a good thing the soldiers did not get more of it? Such horrible stuff as the jam supplied to the troops in South Africa I have never in my life seen before.

Mention apricot jam to a Yeoman and I guarantee you will see him shudder.

A YEOMAN.

(49th Co. Montgomeryshire L.V.)

and afternoon, and furiously annoyed with himself for thinking of the beautiful actress, and then, at last, he committed the unpardonable indiscretion of talking about her to Kitty, letting her realise what an impression Cecilia Melwyn had made upon him, and confessing in a blunt fashion that the heroine of "The Puritan Girl" was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in his life.

"I wonder what Grant has come about?" said Kitty. She took up a handful of seashells and began to crush them with slow mechanical precision, biting her lips the while. She saw—she could not help seeing—that Jack was glad of the diversion caused by the other man's arrival, and she felt bitterly and with a desperate desire that Jack should not discover how much his conduct was paining her.

"Why don't you climb up and meet Grant half way," she suggested, "and then go and have a cigarette together in the garden? I don't want him coming here and bothering me to talk. I have a headache"—she lied the woman's lie easily—"and I'd like to sit here alone."

"I knew you had a headache," announced Jack rather thankfully. He was honestly pleased, at discovering why Kitty had been so silent, and with a perceptibly lightened conscience he hurried up to Jack's room.

"Climb back, Grant," he shouted. "Make your way to the garden again. We'll have a chat there." A slight, but very sad smile crossed Kitty Hallows's face; then she gazed steadily out to sea.

"I wonder if Jack would be so ready to leave Cecilia Melwyn?" she asked herself bitterly. "How very lovely she must be if his account of her is correct. I wish I was lovely! For men think more of the beauty than anything else in the world—it's the greatest weapon that a woman can have." Kitty clasped her arms round her knees, her charming little face growing pale and pensive. "I wonder what Jack would say," she mused, "if he knew how much I loved him? If he realised that I have adored him ever since we were children together, and that I would give up life itself to spare him

(Continued on page 11.)

## AN INTERESTING CASE

AT ST. JOHN'S WOOD, N.W.

## HOW A VIOLENT COUGH & CHRONIC BRONCHITIS WAS CURED.

Miss LUCY M. ROBERTS, 25, Alma-square, St. John's Wood, N.W., writes: "I feel sure that you will be pleased to know that I am now recovered, and my chest feels better than it has done for years. The cough has gone entirely, and I feel wonderfully well in myself. I have been taking your Veno's Lightning Cough Cure regularly since December 3rd. I can truly say that I have never found a treatment do me so much good."

In another letter dated March 16th she writes:—"The whole of your treatment is so splendidly ought to be well known; it has entirely cured me of chronic bronchitis, with a violent cough and much expectation, to which I had been subject for years."

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is recommended by ministers, doctors, and scientists. It is used by hundreds of thousands of British people. Its equal does not exist. Vastly superior to ordinary cough mixtures or any of the emulsions for chronic coughs, bronchitis, colds, asthma, weak lungs, catarrh, pleurisy, and children's coughs. Large Trial Bottles 9d.; regular sizes 1/4 and 2/6, at all Chemists.

## DIGNITY SUITS.

IN our competent hands, the splendid clothes we use result in suits that give dignity to the wearer. That is the advantage a first-class tailor gives you over the common place tailor. Our men are adepts in the tailoring art. They make to your own measurements a suit that possesses not only distinction, but will FIT PROPERLY and wear longer than the cheap quality suit. You'll like the style and smooth finish of these lounge suits for Easter. Write for free patterns and book of styles. For cash down we allow a discount of 2% in the £, or you can buy on our Easy Credit Plan. Wear your carriage. Say whether you want DARK or LIGHT cloth patterns when you write.

34/-  
EASY TERMS.



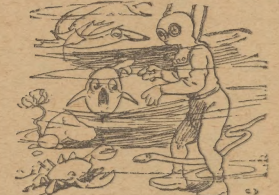
## CHEAP BOOTS—MEN'S.

There are cheap boots made to sell only; these are made to wear comfortably and a long time. The material is good, and the methods of making are right. They are nicely shaped, kid legs, neat toe caps, medium or broad toes, leather lined, and cost only 3s. 6d. Easy Terms. Ask for Boot Self-measurement Form when you write.

## CATESBY & SONS

(Dept. W.) 64-67, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

## What is LI-NOLA?



IN DIVERS PLACES CATESBY'S CORK LINO is suitable. It is good for the hall because it is a beautiful material, and need never be dirty, because so easily cleaned. In the bedroom it is the best possible floor covering, because it harbours no dust, and thus keeps the room healthy and clean.

## CATESBY'S CORK LINO.

Samples and Booklet free; and you can buy on Easy Terms of section 22, in the £ discount for cash. 3 yds. by 3 yds. of CATESBY'S CORK LINO for 15s. 9d. Other sizes and prices in proportion. Carriage paid.

## CATESBY & SONS, THE HOME OF CORK LINO.

(Dept. W.), 64-67, Tottenham Court Road, LONDON, W.

See our windows for LI-NOLA.

## Sous Adrift.

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

### FOR NEW READERS.

In the opening scene of this story we are introduced to the studio of Robert Lidlard, where we see the artist receiving over a stroke of luck. The news has come that his latest picture has won the gold medal at the Paris Salon, and his vanity knows no bounds. He confesses to his wife that he had contemplated suicide for himself and her, when this news came as a reprieve.

Almost immediately after an evening paper announces that a Frenchman has won the million on the roulette wheel, and plunges into despair, attempts to poison himself, and persuades his wife to join him. She, however, fails him at the last moment, and cannot drink the fatal draught, while he drops, apparently lifeless, at her feet.

She flies in panic into the streets, and is run over by a carriage. Mrs. Chesson is a practical nurse, and she befriends her, and for a long time she is ill. When she recovers Mrs. Chesson finds that she can sing, and that she is peculiarly suited to the principal part in "The Puritan Girl," a musical comedy which Mrs. Chesson is producing on tour.

Montague Stone, an artist who had befriended the Lidlards, revives Robert, so that he does not die, and tells him that the first news was right. After all, Lidlard has won the medal, and fame is assured. Publicity reveals his whereabouts to an enemy, a fellow-artist, Julian Darrell, who has robbed in Paris many years ago. Darrell, now rich, has bought the famous picture, and threatens revenge. Later he calls on Mrs. Chesson, and in Cecilia's hearing says that Robert Lidlard committed suicide in the Thames, and that Montague Stone had identified a body as that of the artist. Cecilia regards herself as free to begin a new life.

She makes her debut at Plymouth, and creates a sensation. She carries away the young man, Jack Hallows, son of Admiral John Hallows, who is in a box at the theatre.

### CHAPTER XI.

"Coose, coose!" Jack and Kitty started up and glanced up hastily behind them to observe Grant Malcolm slowly descending the cliff staircase, taking his

Copyright. Dramatic rights fully secured.



## ACTRESS'S LAMENT.

Miss Gertrude Kingston Wishes  
the British Public Would  
Grow Up.

Miss Gertrude Kingston has a very interesting article in the "Nineteenth Century" this month on "The Public as Seen from the Stage."

Miss Kingston is not only a clever actress. She is also an accomplished writer, a woman who has thought and read and worked in many directions other than the stage.

Her opinion of the British audiences is not a high one. She says what all intelligent people say, that the British public for the theatre consists of children, not of grown-up people. That is why we have nothing worth calling a British drama.

Here are some striking and amusing sentences from Miss Kingston's indictment:—

### BACKWARD THEATREGOERS.

"The reading public is fifty years in advance of the theatre-going public in its criterion of taste and culture."

"In England the public will not take the stage seriously. . . . The Englishman goes to the theatre to be amused—not to learn, not to observe, not to be interested, but to be amused."

"The English have the money to pay for their seats, the clothes to go in, the cabs to drive home in, but not the taste—the theatrical sense—to bring to the appreciation of the drama."

"Some years ago a distinguished dramatist is reported to have said that he did not want actors and actresses to interpret his plays, he wanted puppets that could be taught. In those days, I believe, he meant living puppets. Nowadays he has come to the conclusion that toy puppets are good enough for the British public."

"When you get a young dramatic author he writes quite sentimentally to the actors and actresses in his appreciation of their services. At his second and third sentence he has already discovered how infinitesimal are their efforts compared with his creative power. Later, he complains there are no actors and actresses."

### GALLERY MORE SENSE THAN STALLS.

"The man who pays ten-and-sixpence for his stall is only the British Lion (with his mane combed and parted) as the working man who pays his twelvence and gets a metal pass or 'tally' to the gallery. Of the two—I should claim the greater originality for the latter."

"A well-known French actress said to me last year: 'I do not understand your English public. I go to the theatre and see only plays meant for children, not grown-up people. But what are your men and women made of? Have they no emotions, no passions? Do they feel nothing of hate or love, of fear or tenderness, of jealousy or rage?' 'Madam,' I said, 'we are a prudish nation. We do not care to look on at naked passions in the presence of danger, and do not countenance any moral undressing in public.' 'But,' she said, 'you

come and see our French plays?' 'That,' I answered, 'is a very different matter. We always hope the man in the next seat does not understand the language.'"

"I work continually in conjunction with religious bodies of various denominations, and though there is a great friendship with some of my fellow-workers, many of them do not dare to go to a theatre to see stage-plays for fear of giving offence to their association or order. It would seem that dreariness of outline is the only respectable expression of religion in England, just in the same way that an Englishman must wear a top-hat to attend public worship. Who has not heard it said: 'I can't go to church to-day; I have not brought my top-hat?'"

MR. H. N. PILLSBURY,



The famous American chess champion, who, while temporarily insane, tried to jump from a fourth-floor window.—(Russell.)

### WOS SPRACH IS DEES?

Mr. G. R. Sims has drawn up a "First Yiddish Conversation Course" for policemen in the East End of London. Here are some extracts from it, as it appeared in yesterday's "Reference":—

Englisch.	Yiddish.
Move on.	Macht fecht. (Make feet—i.e., tracks).
Get away out of that.	Fongt sich avek fun do! (Carry yourself away from there.)
Higher up with that barrow.	Nemst dem barré weiter arbi.
Well! What have you got there?	Hert nor! Weist was hi hot do? (Hi! Show what you've got there.)
This half-crown is not a good one.	Die halbe kroin is nisch kein gutte.
These bank-notes are flash.	Die banknoten sennen falsch.
You are keeping a gambling house.	Hi halt of a gambing haus.
You are setting your shop on fire.	Di macht a seife in eir shop.
I shall run you in.	Ich ver dir ob-locken (i.e. lock you up).

## POINTS FOR PLAYGOERS.

This Week's Entertainments, and Productions of the Near Future.

To-day the box-office opens for Sir Henry Irving's Drury Lane season, beginning with "Becket," on April 29.

Mr. Trée will run "A Man's Shadow" until April 15, and then close for rehearsals of his Shakespeare festival programme.

"John Chilote, M.P.," at the St. James's, may be expected in Easter week. Present successful programme will continue until April 15.

Mrs. Lewis Waller at the Fulham Grand; "The Earl and the Girl" at the Camden; and "The Gay Parisienne" at the Crown, Peckham.

Miss Minnie Palmer as "My Sweetheart." It makes one feel a boy again! Memories of boyhood can be renewed at the Kennington Theatre all this week.

Mr. Barrie is more mysterious than ever about his new play, due at the Duke of York's on Wednesday. It is a wonder he allows anyone to see even the first performance.

"Princess Ida" at the Coronet on Thursday and Friday evenings. It has not been heard in London since 1894. Other Gilbert and Sullivan operettas during the rest of the week.

"Monsieur Beaucaire" is going so well at the Imperial that it might run through the season. But Mr. Waller still means to produce "Romeo and Juliet" before April is out.

Miss Edith Wynne-Matthiessen made her name in "Everyman," and will repeat her beautiful performance at the Shaftesbury in Holy Week. "Othello," to be seen there next Saturday evening, under Miss Tita Brand's management, will be suspended for that time.

The programme at the Coliseum still includes Miss Madge Lessing and Miss Winifred Hare in their successful song-senas; and is shortly to present also Mr. Rutland Barrington; Miss Queenie Leighton, in a "nautical scena," with herself as a naval lieutenant; Miss Topsy-Sinden, and Miss Mabel Love.

Jumbo Junior, at the Royal Italian Circus, has taken a dislike to Mr. Gilley, the manager, who had to ask audiences not to feed him during the performance. The other day the tiny elephant, who is becoming quite a clever animal, charged him as he entered the ring to make this request, and he always cuts the manager dead as they pass by.

### TO-DAY'S BOOKS.

A SELF-MADE MAN'S WIFE. Her Letters to Her Son, by Charles Eustace Merriam. Putnam, 6s. The wife proves to be an amusing, lovable old lady, who gives most excellent advice in a most entertaining form.

DREAMS. By Olive Schreiner. Unwin, 1s. This shilling series which Messrs. Unwin are publishing is one of the most extraordinary of cheap publications. They have the perfect to avoid of the ordinary cheap books—no faults in the— and the volumes look cheap at 2s. 6d.

SOUVENIR BAPTISMAL SERVICE. Eyre and Spottiswoode. Published in a variety of binding from 1s. 6d. In velvet 3s. 6d. In white leather, with silver side 4s. 6d. They are only 2in. square, and are intended as souvenirs of baptisms. Very pretty little books.

## SOULS ADRIFT.

(Continued from page 10.)

an hour of suffering?" Tears shone in the girl's clear brown eyes, hot tears—tears which blistered her cheeks. "But he must never know—never, never," she went on fiercely. "Oh, this love is the curse of women, for they must keep it to themselves—they must hide it away in their hearts till the man chooses to ask for it. Oh, Jack, Jack!—Kitty murmured her lover's name in low, passionate tones—"how little you guess the truth, for I have got clever at hiding a sigh with a smile, a sob with a laugh."

The sunset coloured the sea with a flush of crimson, and a gull flew by on white wings.

"It's a beautiful world," sighed little Kitty, "or it would be if sorrow didn't trip after one, after those who are always trying to overtake joy."

Whilst Jack Hallows abandoned herself to her reflections, Jack and his friend were having a bright and animated conversation together.

The two young men had found a shady seat in the narrow, deserted garden, for the old admirals and Miss Maria had gone back into the house for tea.

Grant had come round to tell his friend of a most interesting conversation with Cecilia Melwyn the night before. He had been wonderfully impressed by her medieval face, and had even gone so far as to suggest to her that she should play the part of Francesca in his opera, a suggestion which she had received with a great deal of pleasure, and timid delight.

"And what an ideal Francesca," observed Grant enthusiastically. "With those pure sad, dreamy eyes, pale delicate face, and that wonderful soft hair. Her voice, too—did you notice certain sad inflections in his opera, a suggestion which she had received with a great deal of pleasure, and timid delight."

that a new star has arisen—why, it's an immense stroke of luck."

Grant poured the words out with a great deal of animation. He was generally a cool, unemotional sort of man, and his excitement was all the more noticeable.

"Didn't you think her perfectly beautiful?" he asked at last, turning to his friend.

"Yes, I did," answered Jack slowly. "I thought Cecilia Melwyn the most beautiful woman I had ever seen in my life." He hardly realised what the words meant till he had said them, and once spoken it was too late to recall them.

"I thought you would say that," observed Grant approvingly. He was too absorbed in his artistic appreciation of Cecilia to realise the personal interest of the sailor in her, or he would never have suggested, as he did a moment or two later, that Jack Hallows should accompany him to the Grand Theatre that evening and have the privilege of an introduction to Cecilia. For he had arranged to see her after the performance.

"I have come round to ask you to dine with me, old chap," the composer explained, "and then to go straight on with me to the theatre. I should like to know what you think of Cecilia Melwyn when you meet her face to face, and if she will impress you as favourably off the stage as she does on."

Jack Hallows hesitated. The temptation to accept the other's offer, and so avail himself of the privilege thrown away the night before, was almost irresistible; yet an instinctive feeling of loyalty towards Kitty made him shake his head doubtfully.

"I think not, old man," he said quietly. "You see, they rather expect me to dine here this evening, and I don't know—" he wavered and hesitated.

Grant slashed with his stick at a sturdy tuft of sweet-william.

"I really think you might come, Jack," he observed irritably. "It means a tremendous deal to me, this choice of a heroine for my opera, and I have a great respect for your judgment. You're young, healthy-minded, quite untainted with the

modern curse of criticism. In fact, you represent that part of the British public which desires bright and clean amusement." Grant Malcolm's lengthy speech was quite lost upon the young sailor, for Jack was engrossed in thoughts to himself. Surely there would be no great harm, he reflected, in allowing himself the pleasure of meeting Cecilia Melwyn. It was not likely that fate would ever throw them across each other again. Besides, what would happen even if fate did so? He was engaged to be married to Kitty, and he intended to be loyal and true to her. On the morrow he would set about forgetting Cecilia Melwyn; but to-night he would seize the opportunity chance had offered. He would gaze into Cecilia's sad blue eyes; he would listen to the music of her voice; he would hold her delicate fingers in his own for a second, and then—Why then the whole episode would be over-ended. He and Cecilia Melwyn would pass each other in the night, she steering her course, he steering his.

Jack Hallows turned to his friend with some decision.

"I will come with you to-night, Grant," he said quietly. "We will go to the theatre together. My uncle won't really mind my sudden desertion; I can meet him to-morrow instead."

"Of course, you can," replied Grant quickly. "What possible difference can it make in the long run if you dine here to-night or to-morrow?"

Jack Hallows made no answer, but his brow knit into an uneasy frown.

### CHAPTER XII.

The express shot its quick way through the heart of the country, clanging and forging ahead, bellowing forth smoke.

Montague Stone leaned back in the corner of a first-class carriage, and began to think of removing his bag from the luggage rack, for he realised he would soon be at his journey's end. Another five minutes or so and the train would dash into Plymouth station, and then—after the interval of a

(Continued on page 13.)

## AN ESTABLISHED SUCCESS.

Antipon Acknowledged To Be the  
Standard Remedy for the Per-  
manent Cure of Obesity.

It is not very many months ago since the "Sheffield Independent," at the time when Antipon was just becoming known to the public as one of the great remedies of the age, proclaimed it as "a preparation which bids fair to revolutionise medical science as far as the cure of corpulence is concerned." These memorable words did not express more nor less than the actual truth, for it was soon everywhere apparent that Antipon was to become, as it has become, the recognised standard remedy for the permanent cure of obesity. The Press throughout the kingdom was enthusiastic in its praise, and the many articles which have appeared in the leading organs of opinion, and which have been so widely quoted, testify to the high esteem in which Antipon is held. The most competent authorities welcomed it as an epoch-making medicine, and hundreds of men and women amongst the thousands who found in Antipon lasting relief from the distressing burden of over-fat wrote to the "Antipon" Company gratefully acknowledging the lasting benefit they had derived from the wonderful specific. All these letters, as well as those which reach the Company daily, are most carefully preserved for inspection at their offices.

In the history of medicine nothing has ever proved more successful as a specific remedy for any one complaint. Antipon, in fact, owes its success to its being a most valuable tonic as well as a permanent cure for corpulence. It has nothing in common with the old-time remedies which relied upon dangerous mineral drugs and excessive purgation in combination with dietary schemes that amounted to positive slow starvation. Antipon needs no such pernicious help: its one and only assistant is good, nourishing food, for which it creates a keen appetite. Meanwhile, the superfluous fat is being gradually and permanently absorbed and thrown out of the system. Not only this, but the dreadful tendency to make fat of everything eaten is effectually destroyed, so that once the subject is reduced by Antipon to normal weight and proportions there is no need for further doses—the cure is guaranteed a lasting one. Antipon, as we have said, increases appetite. It also perfects the digestive process—a great boon, as so many stout people are sufferers from dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, etc. The sound, muscle-making, blood-enriching food which is taken and properly digested and assimilated can but have the most beneficial effect upon health and strength. The fat disappears, muscular development returns. In the condition of excessive obesity the muscles become almost sodden with over-fat. When this superabundant fatty matter is eliminated, and the blood enriched and purified, the limbs become firm and shapely again, the muscles solid and strong. It is impossible to exaggerate the value of the strengthening, revitalising effects of Antipon on the debilitated system.

Antipon is surprisingly rapid in its weight-reducing effects, for within a day and a night of the first dose there is an appreciable decrease. This varies between 8oz. to 3lb., according to individual conditions. Then, day by day, the scales will prove continuance in a sure and steady reduction, which goes on until complete ease and lasting cure—that is, the attainment of normal weight and correct and symmetrical proportions.

This standard remedy is the more valuable for its entire harmlessness. It contains none but vegetable ingredients of a beneficial kind—nothing of mineral origin. It is pleasant to the palate, refreshing at all times. It is not a laxative, nor has it the opposite effect. Antipon is just simply a pure and simple liquid tonic fat-reducer, which causes no intestinal or stomachic trouble, and which constitutes an admirable home treatment which can be followed without any friend or acquaintance being aware of the fact.

In conclusion, Antipon's effects are not merely to reduce abdominal girth. The reduction is apparent wherever there was an excess of fat before—in face and figure alike. The rosyate hue of health upon the cheek, and the pure skin free from wrinkles, will sufficiently indicate the return to complete health experienced by all who follow this simple, pleasant, easy, and always reliable course of treatment.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by chemists, stores, etc.; or, in the event of disappointment may be obtained (on sending remittance), post paid, privately packed, direct from the sole manufacturers, The "Antipon" Company, 13, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.



**Allen Foster & Co.**  
THE LONDON MANUFACTURERS  
47, GOLDEN LANE, LONDON, E.C.

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS.

All are pleased with the "ALFOSCO" COSTUMES and COSTUME SKIRTS. Send Postcard to-day for our NEW ILLUSTRATED SKETCH BOOK. You would like to see it very much. It contains some really pretty styles. Don't forget to write. We shall be most pleased to send it you.

Design No. 722. 10/6

New style for Spring—SWEAT COAT and SKIRT, made in all the colourings of the new VENETIAN COAT of SPECIALIST SPIN (Gathers free). Coloured lining in Coat, which has full front, and is trimmed post silk ornaments and fancy trimming. Splendid shaped skirt, trimmed foot plate, tabs and buttons.

CHEAPEST LINE ON THE MARKET. Stocked in all sizes and colours. Price only 10s. carriage 6d. extra. Skirt alone, 5s. 11s. carriage 5d. This Costume in the new "DRESSERS" TWEEDS, only 15s. Send for Colourings.

**SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.**

Design No. 998. 4/6

Stylish Costume Skirt, Black or Navy Serge, medium weight. A Cloth that will stand hard wear. Trimmed silk ornaments and four panels, fastened at side, with pocket. Price only 4s. carriage 5d. extra. A great bargain. Also made in all the beautiful colourings of the

Design No. 998. 4/6

"Princess" Tweed.... 7/6  
"Alexandra" Tweed.... 6/6  
Superior Viciosa Cloth 9/11

**ALLEN FOSTER & CO.,**  
The London Manufacturers,  
47, GOLDEN LANE, BARBICAN, LONDON, E.C.

**MAKES THE SKIN AS SOFT AS VELVET.**

**BEETHAM'S "Caroldi"**

Will entirely remove all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, IRRITATION, TAN, &c., in a very short time.

INVALUABLE FOR THE COMPLEXION. DELIGHTFULLY SOOTHING AND REFRESHING after Cycling, Motoring, Dancing, &c.

Bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. each, of all Chemists and Stores. M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM.

## HACKNEY Furnishing Co., Ltd.

Great Bargains for Easter Furnishing.

We will Store Purchases for you for Six Months Free if you wish.

CALL AT ONCE.

The 'MODEL' SYSTEM. NO DEPOSIT REQUIRED.

Worth	Per month
£100.....	0 6 0
£200.....	0 12 0
£300.....	1 6 0
£400.....	1 12 0
£500.....	2 0 0
£600.....	2 6 0
£700.....	3 0 0
£800.....	3 6 0
£900.....	4 0 0
£1000.....	4 6 0

All Goods Packed, Carriage Paid, and Delivered to Your Door Free.

NOTE THE ADDRESS BELOW.

Hours 10 till 6. Thursdays close 4.

Telegrams, Furnicments, London. Telephone, 81 Dalston, and 894 North.

TOWN HALL BUILDINGS, WARE ST., HACKNEY, N.E.

**PLAYER'S**  
Medium Navy Cut  
**CIGARETTES**



## The School of Motoring

Berry Street, Liverpool.

EVERYBODY should get the TEXT BOOK. It teaches all about the driving, care, and repair of a Motor Car. Over 40 Illustrations. 5th year of publication. 4/6 post free.

If an owner, the book is of utmost value to you.

Ambitious men will find it introduces them to a new, healthy, and WELL-PAID TRADE.

Anyway, get the book. If you can, attend the School, where we teach all this PRACTICALLY.

Prospectus and Testimonials, Two Stamps.

## SUITS 2/6 Weekly.

T. RUSSELL and CO., the only really HIGH-CLASS TAILORS conducting business on the deferred payment system, are supplying (fashionably tailored, perfectly-fitting suits on payment of 5s. deposit (2s. in the £ allowed for Cash). Ladies' costumes on same terms. We employ West-End cutters only. Would intending customers please write or call and inspect our choice selection of newest designs?

FROM 35/- TO ORDER.  
All Transactions Confidential.

T. RUSSELL & CO.,  
137, Fenchurch Street & 58, Cheapside, E.C.  
(Corner of Bow Lane).

## SENSIBLE FURNISHING

There are Two Ways of Furnishing, CASH or CREDIT.

We do both. When you call on us we show you our stock and tell you our price, which is cheaper than the Largest Cash Store. We don't ask whether you wish to pay Cash—you decide this for yourself. If you prefer to pay cash we allow you five per cent. discount. If you prefer credit we send the goods home free WITHOUT DEPOSITS OR SECURITY.

TERMS FOR TOWN OR COUNTRY.

12 months 2s. month.	24 months 2s. 6d.	36 months 3s. 0d.
48 months 3s. 6d.	60 months 4s. 0d.	72 months 4s. 6d.

Our Furniture will stand to end of hard wear. ALL GOODS DELIVERED IN PLAIN VANS FREE. STRICT PRIVACY GUARANTEED. Coloured Type Catalogue Gratis.

Any Goods Sent Carriage Paid On Approval Willingly. A few doors north of Holborn Town Hall. Telephone 1442 Holborn.

**GRESHAM FURNISHING CO.,**  
51, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.

## CLOSE YOUR EYES

TO QUALITY, and the world is full of cheap things. The true test of cheapness is quality compared with price. We claim, and can prove, that no furnishing firm in the world can give better value than we do.

OUR PROOF.—We manufacture the furniture. Now use it. No middlemen. Only one small profit. That means you save 50 per cent. because you buy it at wholesale prices. Call to-day and judge for yourself. Ours is a cash business. But if you want credit we give it without extra charge. Our new booklet, No. 99 (post free) tells you about the Goods we make.

**WITTAM FURNISHING CO.**  
231, Old Street, City Road, E.C.

**EVERYTHING FOR EVERY HOME**

FROM 25 TO £500

ON CREDIT

AT CASH PRICES BY THE

**LONDON & PROV. FURNISHING COMPANY**

Prompt delivery in plain vans. No objectionable inquiries.

MONTHLY TERMS.—£10, 15, £20, 25, £30, £40, £50, £60, £70, £80, £90, £100, £120, £150, £200, £250, £300, £400, £500. Free up to £200. Telephone 25-10 to 410-15. Agents wanted. Big commissions. List sent on request. Circulars sent on request.

243, 245, 250, TOTENHAM COURT-RO.

From 5s. Monthly. Sample £10-15 Cycle for Cash £4-15. Tryed. Free Who's a Servant? Catalogue sent free up to £200. Telephone 25-10 to 410-15. Agents wanted. Big commissions. List sent on request. Circulars sent on request.

**IMPROVED Knitted Corsets**

SUPPORT WITHOUT PRESSURE

GOOD UNSHINKABLE Sanitary Cotton and Pure Woolen Underclothing. Guaranteed Lat Free. ALSO OUR UNBREAKABLE "THERMUR" CORSETS IN COTTON. Sample and Free. Mention "Mirror".

**KNITTED CORSET & CLOTHING CO.**  
112, Southgate Road, Nottingham.

## Where age does not count!

You are never too old to get the benefit of Scott's Emulsion—for that matter you are never too young either. This is a case, rare enough nowadays, where age does not count (except in the size of the dose). Scott's Emulsion cures anyone and everyone—old man or baby, youth or matron—for the reason that it attacks the disease itself, without respect to the age of the person in whom the trouble occurs.

Diseases thrown out of the system by

**Scott's Emulsion**

are diseases of the Throat, Lungs, Blood and Bones.

Moreover, if strength is wanting in child or man SCOTT'S EMULSION will assuredly bring it back. SCOTT'S EMULSION is cod liver oil

made pleasant to smell and taste and perfectly digestible, reinforced by the hypophosphites of lime and soda



If, before including Scott's among your household necessities, you prefer to test its flavour and digestibility, send to-day for a free sample bottle and "The Spirit of the Sunshine" mentioning this paper and enclosing ad for postage. SCOTT & BOWNE, Ltd., 18-21, Stonecutter Street, E.C.

**An Offer. FREE**

FIRST TIME

To Purchasers on EASY TERMS.

With our High-Grade Costumes are undertaken to give (for a short time only) a LADY'S FEATHER MARABOUT absolutely FREE, on condition that instalments are paid up regularly.

Stylish COSTUMES from 21/-

Send 2/- with order and promise to pay 1/- WEEKLY.

Quick delivery. No objectionable inquiries. Catalogue and Patterns, with American Self-measurement Form, Free. Grasp this offer AT ONCE.

Write Dept. 394.

**A. THOMAS,**  
317, UPPER STREET, LONDON, N.

**WORK FOR ALL!**

We give a Nickel-Silver Timekeeper and Metal Silver Watch Chain with guarantee to keep correct time for three years, one Lady's or one Gent's Gold Ring FREE to any person willing to buy. Pictures, Postcards within Twenty-one Days. You can see them in an hour. Send name and address (Postcard will do).

**BRITISH FINE ART CO., 118, Strand, London, W.C.**

**D.D. The Bishopsgate Distillery and Wine Co. D.D. DIRTY DICK'S D.D.**

ESTABLISHED 1745.

48-49, BISHOPSGATE ST. WITHOUT, E.C.

Nearly opp. Barbican Entrance G.R.R. Station.

FAMOUS OLD FINE WINE AND SPIRIT HOUSE OF GREAT REPUTATION.

Notes for Good Value (Price) and Low Prices. All Wines and Spirits sold by the Glass, Bottle, or Cask. Free delivery in Town or Country. Write for History of House with full Price List sent gratis on mentioning this paper.



# CONFECTIONERY RECIPES BOTH INEXPENSIVE AND EXCELLENT—CORSAGES FROM PARIS.

## BRIDE IN THE KITCHEN.

### RECIPES FOR CAKES OF VARIOUS KINDS.

Have I mentioned our liking for cakes of every description? I think not. At one time the bill at the confectioner's for scones, teacakes, and gateaux of every description was a serious item in the weekly expenditure.

Martin soon altered this, and yet we rarely had a meal without some suitable cake or scone making its appearance, and I soon became quite renowned for my tea dainties.

#### Device in Angelica.

It is wonderful how attractive some apparently simple mixtures can be made with half a glacé cherry, a device in angelica, or a piping of icing or of sweetened and flavoured butter. I was terribly clumsy at first when I tried to use the forcing bag and pipes, but after a little practice on an up-turned plate I became quite respectably skilful.

Martin had a few golden rules for this branch of her art on which she firmly pinned her faith, and

same school cake I must own I greatly enjoyed a slice for an eleven o'clock lunch, for we breakfasted early.

#### EMPRESS CAKE.

INGREDIENTS: Nine ounces of Vienna flour, six ounces of butter, six ounces of castor sugar, four ounces of glacé cherries, four eggs, half a teaspoonful of baking-powder, one grated lemon-rind.

Line a cake-tin with buttered paper. Beat the butter and sugar to a soft cream. Then well beat in the eggs. Mix the flour, baking-powder, and lemon-rind. Add these lightly to the eggs, etc. Cut the cherries in halves. Put half the mixture in the tin, then put in the cherries, sprinkling them all over the cake mixture. Now add the rest of the mixture, so that the fruit is put like a sandwich in the middle.

Bake the cake in a sharp oven for the first ten minutes, then more slowly for about thirty or forty minutes. Put it on a sieve till it is cold.

#### SCHOOL CAKE.

INGREDIENTS: One and a half pounds of flour, three-quarters of a pound of butter or good beef dripping, half a pound of sultana, quarter of a pound of currants, ten ounces of castor sugar, half a pound of mixed peel, three eggs, three large teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, three-quarters of a pint of milk, quarter of a teaspoonful of salt.

Line a good-sized cake tin with greased paper. Mix the flour, baking powder, and salt. Rub in

then stir them into the flour so as to form a rather stiff dough; a little more milk may be required. Roll it out till it is three-quarters of an inch thick, then stamp it into rounds with a plain cutter the size of the top of a tumbler. Prick the top of each round over with a fork and brush with a little beaten egg. Put them on a greased baking tin and bake them in a quick oven for about fifteen minutes. These are excellent for tea, heated in the oven, then split and buttered.

#### CHOCOLATE CAKES.

INGREDIENTS: Half a pound of butter, quarter of a pound of castor sugar, four eggs, three ounces of flour, two ounces of ground rice, half a pound of good chocolate, one tablespoonful of milk, one teaspoonful of baking-powder.

Cream together the butter and sugar, then add the eggs separately, beating each one in. Grate the chocolate, put it in a small saucepan with the milk, and stir it over the fire till it is melted and is quite smooth, then add it to the sugar and butter. Mix together the ground rice, flour, and a small teaspoonful of baking-powder. Add these to the other ingredients.

Have ready a shallow baking-tin lined with greased paper, pour in the mixture, and bake it very slowly and carefully for one hour. When done take it out of the tin and leave it on a sieve till it is cold. Then cut it up into pretty shapes, such as crescents and diamonds. Pour chocolate icing over the cakes, sprinkle some with chopped pistachio nuts, some with chopped almonds, others with coconut, and others might have a glacé

## Feather Boas

THE LARGEST STOCK IN LONDON.

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY have at the present time several thousand Feather Boas, Stoles and Wraps in Stock and on order, and receive nearly every day new deliveries of the latest French Novelties in Feather goods.



SENT ON APPROVAL

New Ostrich Feather Boas, curled,

made from selected feather, in white, black, natural and white, black and white, and grey and white, 56 inches long

58 inches long	10/6
60 inches long	16/6
60 inches long	21/-
60 inches long	29/6
80 inches long	42/-



SENT ON APPROVAL

Rich Hungarian Feather Scarf, as Sketch, in White or Light Grey 16/6  
Richer qualities in White or the New Lynx Shade 21/-  
In Natural or Black 14/6

DEBENHAM AND FREEBODY  
WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.



Morning blouse of the now fashionable white cambric, patterned with raspberry-red rings and completed by a yoke, cuffs, and waistbelt of red cambric.

Evening corsege from Paris, showing a coat opened over a full chemise of spotted net and the new doubly puffed elbow sleeves.

A tailor-made shirt of brown holland, trimmed down the box-pleated front with scarlet flax embroidery.

to which she attributed largely her success. (1) Use fine flour and dry and sieve it before weighing it out. (2) Avoid thinking rancid butter, doubtful eggs, and cheap fruit are good enough for cakes. (3) Beat butter and sugar till the mixture will drop from the spoon, and eggs till they are thickly frothed, without considering the pain in your arm. (4) Bake large cakes slowly, so that they are cooked throughout without being burnt; and smaller cakes quickly as a rule, unless they are of the short-bread or meringue varieties.

My popularity was at its height with my school-boy brother when he discovered what excellent cakes were compounded in my kitchen, and of the

the dripping lightly and add the sugar, cleaned fruit, and chopped peel. Beat the eggs well, add them and the milk, and mix all well.

Put the mixture in the tin and bake in a moderate oven for about one and a half to two hours.

#### SCONES.

INGREDIENTS: One pound of Vienna flour, one large teaspoonful of baking-powder, one teaspoonful of salt, two ounces of butter, two eggs, one gill of milk.

Sieve together the flour, salt, and baking-powder. Then rub the butter lightly into them. Whisk the eggs till they are frothy, add the milk to them,

cherry or preserved violet in the centre. For the icing, grate three ounces of good chocolate, put it on a baking-tin in a cool oven to darken it, but be careful that it does not burn. Rub half a pound of icing sugar through a hair-sieve. When the chocolate is dark enough put it in a saucepan with half a gill of water. Let this get hot, then add the icing sugar and stir with a wooden spoon till the sugar is melted. It should be sufficiently thick to well coat the back of a spoon; if it is too thick, add a little more water; when it is the right thickness, pour it immediately over the cakes, which should be placed on a dish to catch the extra icing, which can be rewarmed.

## SOULS ADRIFT.

(Continued from page 11.)

couple of hours—he would find out if he had come down to Plymouth on a wild goose chase, or he would have the inestimable joy of having discovered Cecilia.

The last few weeks had been weeks of intense stress and strain to Montague. He had dreamed night after night of that solemn scene when he had to swear to the identity of Robert Lidiard. How terrible it had been to view the drowned and battered corpse! He had hardly dared to glance at the disfigured face, the whole episode had been a nightmare of horror.

Robert Lidiard's tragic fate had revived all his fears about Cecilia. A morbid fear haunted him day and night that this might be the case, for he asked himself with painful insistence, what could have become of Cecilia? Where could she have found refuge, such complete obliteration, except in

the grave. He must have found her by now if she had been alive.

Suddenly and unexpectedly, a ray of hope! A daily illustrated paper had published a sketch of a new actress, Miss Cecilia Melwyn, who had made such a sudden and unexpected success in her first appearance on the stage at Plymouth.

Montague Stone had glanced indifferently at the sketch. What was a pretty woman to him? Nothing, and less than nothing; then he started and glanced at the portrait, his eyes flashing and dilating.

What a likeness—what an extraordinary likeness! Mrs. Melwyn bore to Cecilia! The arrangement of the hair differed from Cecilia's way of dressing her tresses, and he missed the great curly Italian plait; still the eyes—the mouth—the sad, dreamy smile—surely the young actress must be Cecilia's double if not the girl herself.

In less than an hour Montague Stone had taken his seat in the Plymouth express. A telegram was sent to a certain society beauty who was to sit to him that day for her portrait, and a dinner and

other social engagements hastily cancelled. Then came the long, dreary hours in the train—hours during which Montague studied the sketch over and over again, now persuading himself that he had been cheated by a marvellous resemblance, and then feeling absurdly confident that he had at last found Cecilia.

He sprang out of the train as soon as it steamed into the station, his fair, good-natured face very set and determined, his eyes shining with the light of a great hope.

Bag in hand, he made his way to an hotel, wondering how he should pass the hours till the theatre opened. His steps led past a small tobacconist's shop. There—half lurking in the shadow of the door—stood a man, a man who drew back hastily as Montague Stone passed by, and then laughed shrilly and hoarsely—laughed as if he knew the portrait-painter and guessed his errand.

Montague Stone walked swiftly on, but the mocking, croaking laughter followed him.

(To be continued.)



The following are the dates of next season's football internationals:—March 3, Ireland v. England, in Ireland; March 17, Ireland v. Scotland, in Ireland; March 19, Wales v. England, in Wales; March 24, Scotland v. Wales, in Scotland; April 2, Wales v. Ireland, in Wales; April 7, Scotland v. England, in Scotland.







